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PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,  
WITH THE  
CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:  
COMPREHENDING  
A Life of the Poet,  
AND  
AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,  
BY  
THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.  
WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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THE ὀττερεῖς γραμματεῖς ἦν, τὸν κἀαμ  
ἀνὸς περὶ ἐνὶ νότῳ. *Vet Auct. apud Suidam.*

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**VOL. II.—HISTORICAL PLAYS.**

EDITED  
WITH A LIFE OF MALONE,  
BY  
BANIMADHABA GHOSH.

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# HISTORICAL PLAYS.

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# KING JOHN.

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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THE Troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it.

POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakspeare in any play. King John was reprinted, in two parts, in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play, in its present form, is that of 1623, in folio. The edition of 1591 I have not seen. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson mistakes, when he says there is no mention, in Rowley's works, of any conjunction with Shakspeare. The Birth of Merlin is ascribed to them jointly, though I cannot believe Shakspeare had any thing to do with it. Mr. Capell is equally mistaken, when he says, (Pref. p. 15) that Rowley is called his partner in the title-page of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first King John; and, when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page. FARMER.

The elder play of King John was first published in 1591. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as some of the lines. A few of those I have pointed out, and others I have omitted as undeserving notice. The number of quotations from Horace, and similar scraps of learning scattered over this motley piece, ascertain it to have been the work of a scholar. It contains likewise a quantity of rhyming Latin, and ballad-metre; and in a scene where the Bastard is represented as plundering a monastery, there are strokes of humour, which seem, from their particular turn, to have been most evidently produced by another hand than that of our author.



Of this historical drama there is a subsequent edition in 1611, printed for John Helme, whose name appears before none of the genuine pieces of Shakspeare. I admitted this play some years ago as our author's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions; but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of his custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c. disposes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

A play entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play, in 1611, the letters *W. Sh.* were put into the title-page to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which, at that time, was not published.—See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to Ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, vol. ii. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded may be found in that Essay. MALONE.

Though this play have the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years.

THEOBALD.

It takes in the whole of his reign, which lasted only seventeen years: his accession was in 1199, and his death in 1216.

MALONE.

Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c., are closely followed, not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the very expressions, throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* two parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* three parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.*

A booke called *The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play upon the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *Six old Plays*

on which Shakspeare founded, &c., published by S. Leacroft, Charing-cross. STEEVENS.

The Historie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it was printed in 1616.

But by an entry on the Stationers' Registers, 29th November, 1614, it appears that there had been an old edition of the tract entitled The History of George W. Faulconbridge, the son of Richard Cordelion, and that the copy had been assigned by [William] Barley to Thomas Beale.

A book entitled Richard Cur de Lion was entered on the Stationers' books in 1558.

A play called The Funeral of Richard Cordelion, was written by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Munday, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See The Historical Account of The English Stage, vol. iii. MALONE.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, his son; afterwards King Henry III.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.

WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, Chief Justice of England.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.<sup>1</sup>

ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his Half-brother, bastard Son to King Richard the First.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Arch-duke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

*SCENE*, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

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<sup>1</sup>—Salisbury.] Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford.

# KING JOHN.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.*

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour,<sup>2</sup> to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning ;—borrow'd majesty !

*K. John.* Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

---

<sup>2</sup> In my behaviour,] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. "The king of France," says the envoy, "thus speaks in my *behaviour* to the majesty of England ;" that is, the King of France speaks in the *character* which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, "in my behaviour, &c.," had been uttered by the ambassador, as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the King of France towards the King of England ; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

"In my behaviour" means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. So, in the fifth Act of this play, the Bastard says to the French king—

"———Now hear our English King,  
For thus his royalty doth speak *in me*." MALONE.

To this fair island, and the territories ;  
 To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :  
 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,  
 Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;  
 And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
 Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this ?

*Chat.* The proud control<sup>2</sup> of fierce and bloody  
 war,  
 To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood  
 for blood,  
 Controlment for controlment : so answer France.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup>—control—] *Opposition, from controller.* JOHNSON.

I think it rather means *constraint* or *compulsion*. So, in the second Act of King Henry V. when Exeter demands of the King of France the surrender of his crown, and the King answers—  
 "Or else what follows?" Exeter replies :

"Bloody *constraint* ; for if you hide the crown,  
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it."

The passages are exactly similar. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment, &c.] King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the King of Portugal, in the first part of Jeronimo, &c. 1605 :

"*And.* Thon shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—

*Bal.* *Tribute for tribute* then ; and *foes for foes*.

"*And.*——I bid you sudden wars." STEEVENS.

Jeronimo was exhibited on the stage before the year 1590.

MALONE.

From the following passage in Barnabie Googe's *Cupido conquered*, (dedicated with his other poems, in May, 1562, and printed in 1563,) Jeronymo appears to have been written earlier than the earliest of these dates :

"Mark hym that showes y<sup>e</sup> *Tragedies*,

Thyne owne famylyar frende,

By whom y<sup>e</sup> *Spaniard's hasty style*

In Englysh verse is pende."

B. Googe had already founded the praises of Phaer and Gascoigne, and is here descanting on the merits of Kyd.

It is not impossible (though Ferrex and Porrex was acted in

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my  
mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy:

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in  
peace :

Be thou as lightning<sup>4</sup> in the eyes of France ;

1561) that Hieronymo might have been the first regular tragedy that appeared in an English dress.

It may also be remarked, that B. Googe, in the foregoing lines, seems to speak of a tragedy "in *English* verse" as a novelty. STEEVENS.

The foregoing note is entirely founded on a mistake. Googe's verses relate, not to Kyd's Tragedy, but to Alexander Neville's translation of the Spaniard Seneca's Tragedy of *Œdipus*, printed in 1560.

A. Neville was Googe's particular friend; in the verses quoted, Mercury is the speaker, and he is addressing Googe the author :

" Marke him that thundred out the deeds  
of olde Anchises sun  
Whose English verse gyves Maroes<sup>e</sup> grace,  
in all that he hath done ;  
Whose death the Muses sorrow much  
that lack of aged dayes  
Amongst the comen Brytons old  
should hynder Virgils prayse.  
Mark him that hath wel framde a glasse  
for states to looke upon,  
Whose labour shews the ends of the  
that lyved long agone.  
Marke hym y<sup>t</sup> shewes y<sup>e</sup> tragedyes,  
thyne owne famylyar frende,  
By whom y<sup>e</sup> Spaniard's hawty style  
in Englysh verse is pende."

The first person here alluded to, is Thomas Phayer, who had published a translation of the first seven books of the *Æneid*, and was prevented by death from finishing the work. The second is Higgins, the author of the *Mirror of Magistrates*.

The third, Alexander Neville, the familiar friend of Googe, who has a copy of encomiastic verses on Googe prefixed to the  
\* very book here quoted. Several of Googe's poems in that work are addressed to Neville, and his answers are subjoined.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Be thou as LIGHTNING—] The smile does not suit well :

For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :  
 So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
 And sullen presage<sup>b</sup> of your own decay.—  
 An honourable conduct let him have :—

the lightning, indeed, appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

The allusion may, notwithstanding, be very proper, so far as Shakspeare had applied it, i. e. merely to the *swiftness* of the lightning, and its *preceding* and *foretelling* the thunder. But there is some reason to believe that *thunder* was not thought to be *innocent* in our author's time, as we elsewhere learn from himself. See King Lear, Act III. Sc. II. Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. V. Julius Cæsar, Act I. Sc. III. and still more decisively in Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. II. This old superstition is still prevalent in many parts of the country. RITSON.

King John does not allude to the destructive powers either of thunder or lightning ; he only means to say, that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shows that thunder is approaching : and the thunder he alludes to is that of his *cannon*. Johnson also forgets, that though, philosophically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally, in poetry, been attributed to the thunder. So, Lear says :

“ You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
 Singe my white head !” M. MASON.

<sup>a</sup> —SULLEN presage—] By the epithet *sullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invasion, be a *bird of ill-omen* to croak out the prognostic of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not see why the epithet *sullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's King Henry IV. Part II. we find—

“ Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*.”—MALONE.

Surely Johnson is right : the epithet *sullen* may be applied as Milton also has applied it to a *bell* “ swinging slow with *sullen* roar,” with more propriety than to the sharp sound of a trumpet.

BOSWELL.

That here are two ideas is evident ; but the second of them has not been luckily explained. “ The sullen presage of your own decay,” means, the dismal passing bell, that announces your own approaching dissolution.” STEEVENS.

Pembroke, look to't : Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

*Eli.* What now, my son ? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,  
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son ?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love ;  
Which now the manage<sup>e</sup> of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right,  
for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than  
your right ;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me :  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;  
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers* ESSEX.<sup>7</sup>

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

*K. John.* Let them approach.—[*Exit Sheriff.*]  
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

<sup>e</sup>—the manage—] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in King Richard II. :

“—————for the rebels,  
Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.”

~STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, &c.*] This stage direction I have taken from the old quarto. STEEVENS.



*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.\**

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,  
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

\*—and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.] Though Shakspeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not improper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says: "Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcasius de Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat, &c."

Mathew Paris, in his History of the Monks of St. Albans, calls him *Falce*, but in his General History, *Falcasius de Brente*, as above.

Holinshed says that "Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount De Limoges, to revenge the death of his father." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the following passage in the continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, fol. 24, b. ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural son, who is only mentioned in our histories by the name of Philip: "one *Faulconbridge*, therle of Kent, his *bastarde*, a stoute-hearted man."

Who the mother of Philip was is not ascertained. It is said that she was a lady of Poictou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province.

In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:

"Next them, a bastard of the king's deceas'd,  
A hardie wild-head, rough, and venturous." MALONE.

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,  
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father :  
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.<sup>9</sup>

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame  
thy mother,  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow :—Why, being  
younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :  
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

<sup>9</sup> But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,

I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.] The resemblance between this sentiment, and that of Telemachus, in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

" My mother, certaino, says I am his sonne ;

I know not ; nor was ever simply knowne,

By any child, the sure truth of his sire."

Mr. Pope has observed, that the like sentiment is found in Euripides, Menander, and Aristotle. Shakspeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> But whe'r—] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

" Good sir, say *whe'r* you'll answer me or no."

If old sir Robert did beget us both,  
 And were our father, and this son like him ;—  
 O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
 I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent  
 us here !

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,<sup>2</sup>  
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him :  
 Do you not read some tokens of my son  
 In the large composition of this man ?

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
 And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,  
 What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

<sup>2</sup> He hath a TRICK of Cœur-de-lion's face,] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shown by the slightest outline. This expression is used by Heywood and Rowley, in their comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea* : " Her face, *the trick of her eye*, her leer."

The following passage, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, proves the phrase to be borrowed from delineation :

"—You can blazon the rest, Signior ?

"O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpose ; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*."

So again in *Cynthia's Revels* :

"—the parish-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them." STEEVENS.

By a *trick*, in this place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion. So, Helen, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, says, speaking of Bertram—

"—"Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, &c.  
 In our heart's table ; heart too capable  
 Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour."

And Gloster, in *King Lear*, says—

"The *trick* of that voice I do well remember."

M. MASON.

Our author often uses this phrase, and generally in the sense of a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.* : " That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion ; but chiefly a villainous *trick* or thine eye—". MALONE.

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father ;

With that half-face <sup>a</sup> would he have all my land :  
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year !

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much ;—

*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once despatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time ;  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;

<sup>a</sup> With that HALF-FACE—] The old copy—with *half that face*. But why with *half that face*? There is no question but the poet wrote, as I have restored the text : "*With that half-face*—" Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an anachronism of our poet's in the next line, where he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of King Henry VII. *viz.* a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. Vide Stowe's Survey of London, p. 47, Holinshed, Camden's remains, &c. The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but half the face : the groats of all our Kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned ; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of King Henry VIII. were like those of his father ; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. These groats with the impression in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to : though as I said, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism in it : for in the time of King John, there were no groats at all ; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III. THEOBALD.

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

"You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face."

Again, in *Histriomastix*, 1610 :

"Whilst I behold yon *half-fac'd* minion." STEEVENS.

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :  
 But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores  
 Between my father and my mother lay, <sup>4</sup>  
 (As I have heard my father speak himself,) <sup>5</sup>  
 When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
 Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
 His lands to me ; and took it, on his death, <sup>6</sup>  
 That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;  
 And, if he were, he came into the world  
 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
 My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;  
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :  
 And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;  
 Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?  
 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ; <sup>6</sup>  
 In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,

<sup>4</sup> —large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,] This is Homeric,  
 and is thus rendered by Chapman in the first *Iliad* :

"——hills enow, and farre-resounding seas  
 Powre out their shades and deepes between."

Again, in Ovid, *De Tristibus*, IV. vii. 21 :

Innumeri montes inter me teque, visæque

Fluminaque et campi, nec freta pauca, jacent. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —TOOK IT, on his death,] i. e. entertained it as his fixed  
 opinion, when he was dying. So, in *Hamlet* :

"——this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparation." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —your father might have kept

This CALF, bred from his COW, from all the world ;] The  
 decision of King John coincides with that of Menie, the Indian  
 lawgiver : "Should a bull beget a hundred calves on cows not  
 owned by his master, those calves belong solely to the proprietors  
 of the cows." See *The Hindu Laws, &c.* translated by Sir W.  
 Jones, London edit. p. 251. STEEVENS.

My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes,<sup>7</sup>—  
My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force,  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulcon-  
bridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,  
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?<sup>8</sup>

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> This concludes,] This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Lord of THY presence, and no land beside?] *Lord of thy presence* can signify only *master of thyself*, and it is a strange expression to signify even *that*. However, *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We should read—'Lord of the presence,' i. e. prince of the blood. WARBURTON.

"Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?" Lord of thy presence means, 'master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune.'

Lord of his presence apparently signifies, 'great in his own person,' and is used in this sense by King John in one of the following scenes. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> And I had his, sir Robert HIS, like him ;] This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is—'If I had his shape, sir Robert's—as he has.'

*Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

" — Who now lives to age,

Fit to be called Methusalem, *his* page?" JOHNSON.

This ought to be printed :

" — sir Robert *his*, like him."

*His*, according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
 My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,  
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
 Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings  
 goes ! <sup>1</sup>

sign of the genitive case. As the text before stood there was a double genitive. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — my face so thin,

That in mine EAR I durst not stick a ROSE,

Lest men should say, Look, where THREE-FARTHINGS goes !] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin ; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence ; and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends ; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says, "He values me at a *cracked three-farthings*." MALONE.

So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, &c. 1610 :

" — Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings.

*Firk.* 'Tis but three-half-pence I think : yes, 'tis three-pence ; I smell the *rose*." STEVENS.

The sticking *roses* about them was then all the court-fashion, as appears from this passage of the Confession Catholique du S. de Sancy, l. ii. c. i. : "Je luy ay appris à mettre des *roses par tous les coins*." i. e. "in every place about him," says the speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-fashions.

WARDURTON.

The *roses* stuck in the ear were, I believe, only *roses* composed of ribbands. In Marston's *What You Will* is the following passage : "Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny *ribbon*, wearing it in his ear, &c." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* : " — This *ribbon* in my ear, or so." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649 :

"A lock on the left side, so rarely hung

With *ribbanding*, &c."

1

I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the Duke of

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,<sup>2</sup>  
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,  
 I'd give it every foot to have this face ;  
 I would not be sir Nob in any case.<sup>3</sup>

*Eli.* I like thee well ; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?

Queensbury's collection at Ambrosbury, to have seen one, with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate in roses ; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "that it was once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear."

At Kirtling, (vulgarly pronounced—*Catlage*,) in Cambridgeshire, the magnificent residence of the first Lord North, there is a juvenile portrait, (supposed to be of Queen Elizabeth,) with a red rose sticking in her ear." STEEVENS.

Marston, in his *Satires*, 1598, alludes to this fashion as fantastical :

"*Ribbanded eares, Grenada nether-stocks.*"

And from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh, about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry, in our author's time, suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their mistress's silken shoe strings in them. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And, to his shape WERE heir to all this land,] There is no noun to which *were* can belong, unless the personal pronoun in the last line but one be understood here. I suspect that our author wrote—

"And *though* his shape were heir to all his land."

Thus the sentence proceeds in one uniform tenour. "Madam, *as if* my brother had my shape, and I had his—*and if* my legs were, &c.—*and though* his shape were heir, &c. I would give—."

MALONE.

The old reading is the true one. "*To his shape*" means, 'in addition to it.' So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,  
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant."

Mr. M. Mason, however, would transpose the words *his* and *this* :

"And to *this* shape were heir to all *his* land."

By *this* shape, says he, Faulconbridge means, the shape he had been just describing. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I would not be sir Nob—] Sir *Nob* is used contemptuously for Sir *Robert*. The old copy reads—"It would not be—." The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that it is necessary. MALONE.



I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance :

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year ;  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.<sup>4</sup>

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name ?

*Bast.* Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;  
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great ;<sup>5</sup>  
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.<sup>6</sup>

*Bast.* Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land :—  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet !—

<sup>4</sup>—unto the death.] This expression (a Gallicism,—à la mort) is common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup>—but ARISE more great ;] The old copy reads only—rise.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps, as Colonel Roberts suggested to me—"rise up more great." But I rather think *more* is a dissyllable. MALONE.

\* Arise sir Richard, and PLANTAGENET.] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II. ; but it is, as Camden observes, in his Remaines, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick-name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a broom-stalk in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II. the son of that Earl by the Empress Maude ; he being always called Henry Fitz-Empress ; his son, Richard, *Cœur-de-lion* ; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, John *sans-terre*, or *lack-lana*. MALONE.

I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth :

What though ?<sup>7</sup>

Something about, a little from the right,<sup>8</sup>

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :<sup>9</sup>

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night ;

And have is have, however men do catch :

Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed  
For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

<sup>7</sup> Madam, by chance, but not by truth : What though ?] I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by *honesty* ; —what then? JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Something about, a little from the right, &c.] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions in the night* ; he, to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me ; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near the mark, or far off* it. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> In at the window, &c.] These expressions mean, to be born out of 'wedlock.' So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608 ; "Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at the window* !" So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 : "—kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and sailing to Westminster, &c." Such another phrase occurs in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life* : "—then you keep children in the name of your own, which she suspects *came not in at the right door*." Again, in *The Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634 : "—It appears then by your discourse that you *came in at the window*."—"I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap *over the hatch*." Again : "—to escape the dogs hath leaped *in at a window*."—"Tis thought you *came in to the world that way*,—because you are a *bastard*." STEEVENS.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to thee !

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour <sup>1</sup> better than I was ;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—

*Good den,* <sup>2</sup> *sir Richard.*—*God-a-mercy,* <sup>3</sup> *fellow* ;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :

For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;

'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversion. <sup>4</sup> Now your traveller, <sup>5</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> A foot of honour—] A *step*, *un pas*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Good den,*] 'i. e. a good evening. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup>—*sir Richard.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. In Act IV. Salisbury calls him *sir Richard*, and the King has just knighted him by that name. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *sir Robert*. Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood.—*Good den, sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> 'Tis too RESPECTIVE.] and too sociable

For your CONVERSION.] *Respective* is *respectful, formal*. So, in *The Case is Altered*, by Ben Jonson, 1609 ; "I pray you, sir; you are too *respective* in good faith." Again, in the old comedy called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607 : "Seem *respective*, to make his pride swell like a toad with dew." Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. :

"You should have been *respective*, &c."

Again, in Chapman's version of the eleventh *Iliad* :

"———his honourable blood

Was struck with a *respective* shame ;"—

"For your *conversion*" is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It seems to mean, 'his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight.' STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing*. Our author has here, I think, used a licence of phraseology that he often takes. The Bastard has just said, that "new-made honour doth forget men's names;" and he proceeds as if he had said, "does not remember men's names." To remember the name of an inferior, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for

He and his tooth-pick<sup>e</sup> at my worship's mess ;<sup>7</sup>  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

your *conversion*,—for your present condition, now *converted* from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight.

MALONE.

"—Now your TRAVELLER.] It is said, in All's Well That Ends Well, that "a *traveller* is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.

JOHNSON.

So, in The Partying of Frenches, a Copy of Verses subjoined to Tho. Churchyard's Praise and Report of Maister Martyne Forboisher's Voyage to Meta Incognita, &c. 1578:

"——— and all the parish throw  
At church or market, in some sort, will talke of *trav'lar*  
now." STEEVENS.

\* He and his TOOTH-PICK—] It has been already remarked, that to *pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man's affecting foreign fashions. JOHNSON.

Among Gascoigne's poems I find one entitled, Councell given to Maister Bartholomew Withipoll a little before his latter Journey to Geane, 1572. The following lines may, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the fashionable follies imported in that age:

" Now, Sir, if I shall see your mastership  
Come home disguis'd, and clad in quaint array ;—  
As with a *pike-tooth* byting on your lippe ;  
Your brave mustachios turn'd the Turkie way ;  
A coptantk hat made on a Flemish blocke ;  
A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes ;  
A slender slop close couched to your dock ;  
A curtolde slipper, and a short silk hose, &c."

Again, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson, 1601:—"A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth." So also, Fletcher:

"——— You that trust in travel ;

You that enhance the daily price of *tooth-picks*."

Again, in Shirley's Grateful Servant, 1630: "I will continue my state-posture, use my *tooth-pick* with discretion, &c."

STEEVENS.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters, 1616, [Article, an Affected Traveller:] "He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisp-ing: he will choke rather than confess beere good drink; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour." MALONE.

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Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise  
My picked man of countries :<sup>a</sup>—*My dear sir,*

<sup>a</sup>—at my worship's mess;] Means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed. See *The Winter's Tale*, vol. xiv. p. 258, n. 1.

"Your *worship*" was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as "your *honour*" was to a lord. MALONE.

\* My *PICKED* man of countries:] The word *picked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Picked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress.

Chaucer says, in one of his prologues: "Fresh and new her geare *ypiked* was." And in *The Merchant's Tale*: "He kembeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh*." In Hyrd's translation of Vives's *Instruction of a Christian Woman*, printed in 1591, we meet with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have women of his country to be regarded by their virtue, and not their ornaments, banished out of the country, by the law, all painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of *picking* and apparelling." Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602:

"'Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a haire  
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "He is too *picked*, too spruce, &c." Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller: "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. a la mode de France, &c."

If a comma be placed after the word *man*,—"I catechise *my picked man*, of countries:" the passage will seem to mean, "I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr. Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "—such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pyking*, &c." *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variously spelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce*, *affected*, *effeminate*.

See also Minshew's Dict. 1617: "To *picke* or *trimme*. Vid. *Trimme*." MALONE.

My "*picked man of countries*" is—*my travelled fop*.

HOLT WHITE.

The word *picked* is still used in Devonshire, and when spoken of a man it means a keen, sharp fellow; a *picked knife* is the common description of a pointed knife. PHILLIPS.

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,) *I shall beseech you* — That is question now ;  
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book :<sup>9</sup> — \*  
*O sir*, says answer, *at your best command ;*  
*At your employment ; at your service, sir :—*  
*No, sir*, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours :*  
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,  
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,) *It draws toward supper in conclusion so.*  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,<sup>2</sup>  
 That doth not smack of observation ;  
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)  
 And not alone in habit and device,

\* First folio, *Absey*.

<sup>9</sup> — like an ABC-BOOK:] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey-book*, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date :

" In the A. B. C. of bokes the least,  
 Ytis written, *Deus charitas est*."

Again, in Tho. Nash's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616 :  
 "—make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abcie*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of COMPLIMENT ;] Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th Essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliment in our poet's days, 1601 : " We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of symanon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation ! 'O, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight ! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms !—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> For he is but a bastard to the time, &c.] He is accounted but a mean man, in the present age, who does not show, by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries. The old copy, in the next line, reads—*smack*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;  
 But from the inward motion to deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :  
 Which, though <sup>3</sup> I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—  
 But who comes<sup>4</sup> in such haste, in riding robes ?  
 What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains to blow a horn <sup>5</sup> before her ?  
*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.*<sup>6</sup>  
 O me ! it is my mother :— How now, good lady ?  
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?  
*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother ? where  
 is he ?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

*Bast.* My brother Robert ? old sir Robert's son ?  
 Colbrand ' the giant, that same mighty man ?  
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend  
 boy,  
 Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert ?

<sup>3</sup> Which, though —] The construction will be mended, if instead of *which though*, we read—*this though*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> But who comes—] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — to blow a HORN—] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *post*, likely to *horn* her husband. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — James Gurney.] Our author found this name in perusing the history of King John, who, not long before his victory at Mirabeau, over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh *Gorney*, near Butevant, in Normandy.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Colbrand —] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*.

JOHNSON.

Colbrand is also mentioned in the old romance of *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, sig. a. iii. :

“ Or els so doughty of my honde  
 As was the gyaunte syr *Colbronde*.” STEEVENS.

He is sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while ?

*Gur.* Good leave,<sup>8</sup> good Philip.

*Bast.* Philip ?—sparrow!<sup>9</sup>—James,  
There's toys abroad ;<sup>1</sup> anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

\* Good leave, &c.] *Good leave* means a *ready assent*. So in King Henry VI. Part III. Act III. Sc. II. :

"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glo.* Ay, good *leave* have you, for you will have leave."

STEEVENS.

\* Philip ?—sparrow !] Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow ; and Mr. Pope, in a short note, remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Gascoigne has likewise a poem entitled, The Praise of Phil Sparrow ; and in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601, is the following passage :

"The birds sit chirping, chirping, &c.

*Philip* is treading, treading, &c."

Again, in The Northern Lass, 1633 :

"A bird whose pastime made me glad,

And *Philip* 't was my sparrow."

Again, in Magnificence, an ancient interlude, by Skelton, published by Rastell :

"With me in kepyng such a *Phylipp Sparowe*."

STEEVENS.

The Bastard means : *Philip* ! Do you take me for a sparrow ?

HAWKINS.

The sparrow is called *Philip* from its note :

"—————cry

*Phip phip the sparrows as they fly.*"

*Lyly's Mother Bombie.*

From the sound of the sparrow's chirping, Catullus, in his Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow, has formed a verb :

Sed circumsilien modo huc, modo illuc,

Ad solam dominam usque *pipilabat*. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>1</sup> There's toys abroad ; &c.] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in Ben Jonson's Sejanus :

"————*Toys*, mere *toys*,

What wisdom's in the streets."

Again, in a postscript of a letter from the Countess of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner, for the mur-



Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son ;  
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
 Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast :<sup>2</sup>  
 Sir Robert could do well ; Marry, (to confess !)<sup>3</sup>  
 Could he\* get me ? Sir Robert could not do it ;  
 We know his handy-work :—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs ?  
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?  
*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like :<sup>4</sup>

\* First folio omits *he*.

der of Sir Tho. Overbury : "—they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of *toys*." *State Trials*, vol. i. p. 322.

STEEVENS.

\* —might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:] This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562 :

"——he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,  
 And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate."

STEEVENS.

\* —(To confess !)] Mr. M. Mason regards the adverb *to* as an error of the press : but I rather think, *to* confess, means—to come to confession. "But, to come to a fair confession now, (says the Bastard,) could he have been the instrument of my production?" STEEVENS.

\* KNIGHT, KNIGHT good mother,—Basilisco-like :] Thus must this passage be pointed ; and to come at the humour of it, I must clear up an old circumstance of stage-history. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Piston, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him ; as, for instance :

What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.  
 But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;  
 I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;  
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone :  
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father :  
 Some proper man, I hope : Who was it, mother ?  
*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-  
 bridge ?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy  
 father ;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
 To make room for him in my husband's bed :——  
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !——  
 Thou art ' the issue of my dear offence,  
 Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
 Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
 Some sins ' do bear their privilege on earth,  
 And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly  
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

" *Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.

*Pist.* By the contents of this blade,—

*Bas.* By the contents of this blade,—

*Pist.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

*Bas.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.

*Pist.* *Knave*, good fellow, *knave*, *knave*."

So that, it is clear, our poet is sneering at this play ; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach by humorously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood* ; as Basilisco arrogantly insists on his title of *knight*, in the passage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one ; and, I suppose, was sufficiently exploded in the representation : which might make this circumstance so well known, as to become the butt for a stage-sarcasm. THEOBALD.

The character of Basilisco is mentioned in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. printed in the year 1596. STEEVENS.

\* THOU art—] Old copy—*That art*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe-MALONE.

\* Some sins—] There are *sins* that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force  
 The aweless lion could not wage the fight,<sup>7</sup>  
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
 May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !  
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
 Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;  
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :  
 Who says it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces ; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces ; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

*Lew.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—  
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

---

<sup>7</sup> Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.] Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur-de-lion, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he was exposed by the Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles : but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third volume of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,<sup>8</sup>  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :<sup>9</sup>

\* Richard, that robb'd, &c.] So, Rastal, in his Chronicle: "It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kyng *Richard*, beyng in prison to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arm in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so harde that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon*; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldness and hardy stonake." GREY.

I have an old black-lettered History of Lord Faulconbridge, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

In Heywood's Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601, there is a long description of this fabulous atchievement.

The same story is told by Knighton, inter Decem Scriptores, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable*. It probably took its rise from Hugh de Neville, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy Land: a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris. MALONE.

\* By this brave duke came early of his grave:] The old play led Shakspeare into this error of ascribing to the Duke of Austria the death of Richard, who lost his life at the siege of Chaluz long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power.

STEEVENS.

The producing Austria on the scene is also contrary to the truth of history, into which anachronism our author was led by the old play. Leopold, Duke of Austria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown in prison in 1193, died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1195, some years before the commencement of the present play.

The original cause of the enmity between Richard the First and the Duke of Austria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard "tooke from a knyghte of the Duke of Ostriche the said Duke's banner, and in despit of the said duke, trade it under foote, and did unto it all the spite he might." Harding says, in his Chronicle, that the cause of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Austria's arms and banner, which he had set up above those of the King of France and the King of Jerusalem. The affront was given when they lay before Acre in Palestine. This circumstance is alluded to in the old King John, where the Bastard, after killing Austria, says—

"And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,  
 And trod thine ensigns underneath his feet, &c."

Other historians say, that the Duke suspected Richard to have

And, for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance<sup>1</sup> hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arth.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's  
 death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under wings of war :  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love :  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Lew.* A noble boy ! Who would not do thee  
 right ? 12.903

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes,  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,

been concerned in the assassination of his kinsman, the Marquis of Montferrat, who was stabbed in Tyre, soon after he had been elected King of Jerusalem ; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies, for political purposes. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> At our IMPORTANCE—] At our *importunity*. JOHNSON.

So, in Twelfth-night :

“———Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*.” STEEVENS.

—that pale, that white-fac'd shore,] England is supposed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,

To make a more requital to your love.<sup>3</sup>

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Phi.* Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages:<sup>4</sup> —

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :  
My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter* CHATILLON.

*K. Phi.* A wonder, lady !<sup>5</sup>—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

<sup>3</sup> To make a MORE requital, &c.] I believe it has been already observed, that *more* signified, in our author's time, *greater*.

STEEVENS.

See Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Sc. III.:

"The *more* and less came in with cap and knee." BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> To cull the plots of best advantages :] i. e. to mark such stations as might most over-awe the town. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> A wonder, lady !] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him ; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less, in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paltry  
siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I :  
His marches are expedient <sup>6</sup> to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife ; <sup>7</sup>  
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd : <sup>8</sup>  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

\* —expedient—] Immediate, expeditious. JOHNSON.  
So, in King Henry VI. Part II. :

"A breach that craves a quick, *expedient* stop."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> An *ATE*, stirring him, &c.] *Até* was the Goddess of Revenge. The player-editors read, *An Ace*. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called Leicester's Commonwealth, originally published about the year 1584 : — "She standeth like a fiend or  *fury*, at the elbow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> With them a bastard of the KING's deceas'd.] This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of King John, already mentioned. See p. 202. n.8. Our author should have written—*king*, and so the modern editors read. But there is certainly no corruption, for we have the same phraseology elsewhere.

MALONE.

It may as justly be said that the same error has been elsewhere repeated by the same illiterate compositors. STEEVENS.

The phraseology which Mr. Steevens objects to is common at this day. BOSWELL.

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,<sup>\*</sup>  
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,<sup>1</sup>  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath<sup>2</sup> in Christendom.  
 The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,  
 To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

*K. Phi.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much  
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;  
 For courage mounteth with occasion :  
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,  
 PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

*K. John.* Peace be to France ; if France in  
 peace permit  
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own !  
 If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !  
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to  
 heaven.

\* Bearing their birthrights, &c.] So, in King Henry VIII. :

" ———— O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on them."

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Than now the English bottoms have WAST o'er.] *Waft*, for *wafted*. So again in this play :

" The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot—."

i. e. *heated*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — scath —] Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

So, in *How to Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602 :

" For these accounts, 'faith it shall *scath* thee something."

Again :

" And it shall *scath* him somewhat of my purse."

STEEVENS.



*K. Phi.* Peace be to England ; if that war return  
 From France to England, there to live in peace !  
 England we love ; and, for that England's sake,  
 With burden of our armour here we sweat :  
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;  
 But thou from loving England art so far,  
 That thou hast under-wrought<sup>3</sup> his lawful king,  
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
 Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :  
 This little abstract doth contain that large,  
 Which died in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time  
 Shall draw this brief<sup>4</sup> into as huge a volume.  
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,  
 And this is Geoffrey's :<sup>5</sup> In the name of God,  
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great com-  
 mission, France,  
 To draw my answer from thy articles ?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —under-wrought—] i.e. underworked, undermined.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —this BRIEF—] A *brief* is a *short writing, abstract, or description*. STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"Here is a *brief* how many sports are ripe." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> England was Geoffrey's right,

And *this* is Geoffrey's :] I have no doubt but we should read—

"And *his* is Geoffrey's." The meaning is, "England was Geoffrey's right, and whatever was Geoffrey's, is now *his*," pointing to Arthur.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> To draw my answer FROM thy articles ?] I think we should read :

"To draw my answer FROM *to* thy articles ?"

*From* seems to have been caught from the preceding line.

ROBERTS.

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.<sup>7</sup>  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Phi.* Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

*Const.* Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;  
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> To look into the *BLOTS* and stains of right.] Mr. Theobald reads, with the first folio, *blots*, which being so early authorized and so much better understood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*; though bolts might be used in that time for *spots*; so Shakspeare calls Banquo "*spotted with blood*, the blood-bolter'd Banquo." The verb to *bolt* is used figuratively for to *disgrace*, a few lines lower. And, perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical mistake. JOHNSON.

*Blots* is certainly right. The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what, in ancient heraldry, was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II.:

"No bastard's mark doth *blot* his conquering shield."

*Blots* and *stains* occur again together in the first scene of the Third Act. STEEVENS.

*Blot* had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III. Sc. I.:

"Full of unpleasing *blots* and sightless stains."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!] "Surely" (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the king's mother, was sore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envy conceived against his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalf of the child; for that she saw, if he were king, *how his mother Constance would look to bear the most rule within the realm of England*, till her son should come to a lawful age

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
 As thine was to thy husband : and this boy  
 Likier in feature to his father Geffrey,  
 Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,  
 As rain to water, to devil to his dam.  
 My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,  
 His father never was so true begot ;  
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.\*

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

*Aust.* Peace !

*Bast.* Hear the crier<sup>†</sup>.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou ?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
 An'a may catch your hide and you alone.<sup>‡</sup>

to govern of himself. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being so contrary."

MALONE.

\* —an if THOU wert his mother ;] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land ; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

† Hear the CRIER.] Alluding to the usual proclamation for silence, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-Yes*. Austria has just said *Peace* !

MALONE.

‡ One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your HIDE and you alone.] The ground of the quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's *hide*, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

See p. 28, n. 7, and p. 29, n. 8. MALONE.

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarised the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience ; or, what is equally probable, the story was then so popular, that a hint was sufficient, at that time, to bring it

You are the hare<sup>2</sup> of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;  
Sirrah, look to't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that lion's robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass : <sup>3</sup>—

to mind ; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> You are the HARE—] So, in The Spanish Tragedy :

" He hunted well that was a lion's death ;  
Not he that in a garment wore his skin :  
So *hares* may pull dead lions by the beard."

See p. 6, n. 3. STEEVENS.

The proverb alluded to is, "*Mortue leoni et lepores insultant.*"  
*Erasmii Adag.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> It lies as sightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass :] But why his *shoes*, in the name of propriety ? For let Hercules and his *shoes* have been really as big as they were ever supposed to be, yet they (I mean the *shoes*) would not have been an overload for an ass. I am persuaded I have retrieved the true reading [shows] ; and let us observe the justness of the comparison now. Faulconbridge, in his resentment, would say this to Austria : " That lion's skin, which my great father King Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, would look on the back of an ass." A double allusion was intended ; first, to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin ; then Richard I. is finely set in competition with Alcides, as Austria is satirically coupled with the ass. THEOBALD.

This endeavour to make our author's similes exactly correspond on both sides, is, as has been more than once observed, the source of many errors. MALONE.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies, on much the same occasions. So, in The Isle of Gulls, by J. Day, 1606 : "—are as fit, as Hercules's *shoe* for the foot of a pigmy." Again, in Green's Epistle Dedicatory to Perimedes the Blacksmith, 1588 : "—and so, lest I should shape *Hercules' shoe* for a child's foot, I commend your worship to the Almighty." Again, in Green's Penelope's Web, 1601 : " I will not make a long harvest for a small crop, nor go about to pull a *Hercules' shoe* on Achilles foot." Again, *ibid.* : "*Hercules' shoe* will never serve a child's foot." Again, in Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse,

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;  
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that deafs our  
ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

*K. Phi.* Lewis, determine<sup>4</sup> what we shall do  
straight.

*Lew.* Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all,—

1579 : " — to draw the lion's skin upon *Æsop's asse*, or *Hercules' shoes* on a childe's feete." Again, in the second of William Rankins's Seven Satyres, &c. 1598 :

" Yet in *Alcide's buskins* will he stalke." STEEVENS.

" — upon an ass : " i. e. upon the *hoofs* of an ass. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the *back* of the ass ; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—*Alcides' shows*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *K. Phi.* Lewis, determine, &c.] Thus Mr. Malone, and perhaps rightly ; for the next speech is given, in the old copy, (as it stands in the present text,) to Lewis the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. The speech itself, however, seems sufficiently appropriated to the King ; and nothing can be inferred from the folio, with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careless and ignorant. STEEVENS.

In the old copy this line stands thus :

" King Lewis, determine what we shall do straight."

To the first three speeches spoken in this scene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The transcriber or compositor having, I imagine, forgotten to distinguish the word *King* by Italics, and to put a full point after it, these words having been printed as part of Austria's speech: " King Lewis, &c. ; " but such an arrangement must be erroneous, for Lewis was not King. Some of our author's editors have left Austria in possession of the line, and corrected the error by reading here: "*King Philip*, determine, &c." and giving the next speech to him, instead of Lewis.

I once thought that the line before us might stand as part of Austria's speech, and that he might have addressed Philip and the Dauphin by the words, King,—Lewis, &c. but the addressing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, seems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above stated. MALONE.

England, and Ireland, Anjou,<sup>5</sup> Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon :—I do defy thee,  
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;  
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :  
Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child ;  
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :  
There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace !  
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he  
weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you, whe'r she does,  
or no !<sup>6</sup>

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor  
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

\* — Anjou,] Old copy—*Angiers*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Now shame upon you *WHE'R SHE* does, or no !] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in an Epigram, by Ben Jonson :

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,  
When I dare send my epigrams to thee?"

Again, in Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532 :

"That maugre *where* she wolde or not---." MALONE.

Read :—" *whe'r* *he* does, or no !"---i. e. 'whether he weeps or not.' Constance, so far from admitting, expressly denies that *she* shames him. RITSON.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !

Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights,  
Of this oppressed boy : This is thy eldest son's  
son,<sup>7</sup>

Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;  
The cannon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.* Bedlam, have done.

*Const.* I have but this to say,—  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Of this oppressed boy : This is thy eldest son's son,] Mr. Ritson would omit the redundant words—" This is," and read :

" Of this oppressed boy : thy eldest son's son."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague, &c.] This passage appears to me very obscure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

" He's not only plagued for her *sin*," &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime* ; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant ; who, though of the second generation, is " plagued for her and with her ;" to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read :

" —plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague her sin ; his injury  
Her injury, the headle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child."

I point thus :

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin ; his injury

---

"—plagu'd for her  
And with her.—Plague her *son* / his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin."

That is, instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved ; *his injury* will be her *injury*, and the misery of her *sin* ; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, of her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads :

"—plagu'd for her,  
And with her *plagu'd* ; her sin, his injury—."

We may read :

"But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagued for her ;  
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin."

i. e. "God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her ;" the same power hath likewise "made her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin." i. e. Providence has so ordered it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEEVENS.

Constance observes that *he* (*iste*, pointing to King John, "whom from the flow of gall she names not,") is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue [Arthur], plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb ; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all these punishments on the person of this child, TOLLET.

*Plagued*, in these plays, generally means *punished*. So, in King Richard III. :

"And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed."

So, Holinshed: "—they for very remorse and dread of the divine *plague*, will either shamefully flie," &c.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been lost after the words—"And with her—." If the text



Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;  
All punish'd in the person of this child,

be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages,) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation is the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues."

MALONE.

Much as the text of this note has been belaboured, the original reading needs no alteration :

"—— I have but this to say,  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagued for her,  
And with her plague, her sin ; his injury,  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,  
All punish'd in the person of this child."

The key to these words is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the *second commandment* of "visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children, unto the *third* and *fourth* generation, &c."

"Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !

\* \* \* \* \*

This is thy eldest son's son,

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy sins are *visited* in this poor child ;  
The *canon of the law* is laid on him,  
Being but the *second generation*,  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb."

Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother ; but, also, by *her*, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not here *immediate*, but *removed issue*—the *second generation* from *her sin-conceiving womb*—it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account, he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him ; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her immediate infliction*.—He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment, but she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grandchild the penalty annexed to her sin : so that *he is plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is, [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty entailed upon it*. *His injury*, or, the evil *he suffers*, *her sin* brings upon him, and *her injury*, or, the evil *she inflicts*, he suffers from *her*, as the

And all for her ; A plague upon her !

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked  
will ;

A woman's will : a canker'd grandam's will !

*K. Phi.* Peace, lady ; pause, or be more tempe-  
rate :

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.\*—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed  
to it. HENLEY.

\* It ill beseems this presence, to CRY AIM

To these ill-tuned repetitions.] Dr. Warburton has well  
observed, on one of the former plays, that to "cry aim" is to *en-  
courage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery ; and  
that *aim* ! having been the word of command, as we now say  
*present !* to cry *aim* had been to *incite notice*, or raise *attention*.  
But I rather think that the old word of applause was *J'aime, I  
love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the English,  
not easily pronouncing *Je*, sunk into *aime*, or *aim*. Our excla-  
mations of applause are still borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's first thought, I believe, is best. So, in Beau-  
mont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*:

"—— Can I cry aim  
To this against myself ?—"

Again, in Tarlton's *Jests*, 1611 : "The people had much ado  
to keep peace : but Bankes and Tarleton had like to have squared,  
and the horse by, to *give aime*." Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*,  
1680, p. 8, b :

"Yet he that stands, and *giveth aime*,  
Maie judge what shott doeth lose the game ;  
What shooter beats the marke in vaine,  
Who shooteth faire who shooteth plaine."

Again, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where  
Ford says : "—and to these violent proceedings all my neigh-  
bours shall cry *aim*." See vol. viii. p. 98, n.7. STEVENS.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.*

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England, for itself :  
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

*K. John.* For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us first.<sup>1</sup>——

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath :  
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :  
All preparation for a bloody siege,  
And merciless proceeding by these French,  
Confront your city's eyes,<sup>2</sup> your winking gates ;<sup>3</sup>  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited,<sup>4</sup> and wide havoc made

<sup>1</sup> For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear us first.] If we read—"For your advantage," it will be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip. TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> CONFRONT your city's eyes,] The old copy reads—*Comfort*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —your WINKING gates ;] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. :

"And *winking* leap'd into destruction." MALONE.

So, in Old Fortunatus, 1600 : "Whether it were lead or latten that hasp'd those *winking* casements, I know not." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —dishabited,] i. e. dislodged, violently removed from their places :—a word, I believe, of our author's coinage. STEEVENS.

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,——  
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
 Have brought a countercheck<sup>5</sup> before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—  
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :  
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,<sup>6</sup>  
 To make a faithless error in your ears :  
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
 And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,  
 Forwearied<sup>7</sup> in this action of swift speed,  
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us  
 both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;  
 Son to the elder brother of this man,  
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :  
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
 In warlike march these greens before your town ;  
 Being no further enemy to you,  
 Then the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
 In the relief of this oppressed child,  
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then

<sup>5</sup>—a COUNTERCHECK—] This, I believe, is one of the ancient terms used in the game of chess. So, in Mucedorus, 1598 :  
 "Post hence thyself, thou *counterchecking* trull."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> They shoot but calm words, FOLDED UP IN SMOKE,] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece :

"This helpless *smoke of works*, doth me no right."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Forwearied—] i. e. worn out, Sax. So, Chaucer, in his Romaunt of the Rose, speaking of the mantle of Avarice :

"And if it were *forwerid*, she  
 Would havin," &c. STEEVENS.

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,  
 To him that owes it ;<sup>a</sup> namely, this young prince :  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;  
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;  
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,  
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
 Which here we came to spout against your town,  
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.  
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'Tis not the roundure<sup>b</sup> of your old-fac'd walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;  
 Though all these English, and their discipline,  
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?

<sup>a</sup> To him that OWES it ;] *Owes* is here, as in other books of our author's time, used for *own*. MALONE.

See our author and his contemporaries, *passim*. So, in *Othello* :

"—that sweet sleep

That thou *ow'dst* yesterday." STEEVENS.

This use of the word continued till the time of Charles II. I am possessed of a volume containing Legh's *Accedens of Armory*, and Bossewell's *Works of Armorie*, bound up together, which is ascertained to have been formerly the property of Randle Holme (I supposed the antiquary), by these whimsical lines written in a fly-leaf at the beginning :

" Randle Holme this book doth *owe*,

William Holme the same doth knowe ;

R. Holme junier will testifie,

That William Holme doth not lye." BOSWELL.

<sup>b</sup> *Tismot the ROUNDURE, &c.*] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

So, in All's Lost, by Lust, a tragedy, by Rowley, 1633 :

"—will she meet our arms

With an alternate *roundure* ?"

Again, in Shakspeare's 21st Sonnet :

"—all things rare,

That heaven's air in this huge *roundure* hema."

STEEVENS.

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

*1 Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's  
subjects ;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and let  
me in.

*1 Cit.* That can we not : but he that proves the  
king,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England prove  
the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many, and as well-born bloods as  
those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face, to contradict his  
claim.

*1 Cit.* Till you compound whose right is wor-  
thiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those  
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

*K. Phi.* Amen, Amen !—Mount, chevaliers ! to  
arms !

*Bast.* St. George,—that swing'd the dragon, and  
e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, [*To AUSTRIA.*] with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,<sup>1</sup>  
And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace ; no more.

*Bast.* O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain ; where we'll  
set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage of the  
field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so ;—[*To LEWIS.*] and at the  
other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Same.

*Alarums and Excursions ; then a Retreat. Enter  
a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your  
gates,<sup>2</sup>

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for, tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;

<sup>1</sup> I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide.] So, in the old spurious play of King John :

" But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,  
If Philip front him with an English horn." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> You men of Angiers, &c.] This speech is very poetical and smooth, and, except the conceit of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON,

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

E. *HER.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your  
Bells<sup>3</sup>;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day !  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood<sup>4</sup>;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France ;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen<sup>5</sup>, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes :  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

<sup>3</sup> Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.] The English Herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth* :

"—Here lay Duncan,

His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood*." JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —all GILT with Frenchman's BLOOD ;] This phrase, which has already been exemplified in *Macbeth*, occurs also in Chapin's version of the sixteenth *Illiad* :

"The cures from great Hector's breast, all gilded with his *gore*."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 19th *Odyssey* :

"And shew'd his point *gilt* with the gushing *gore*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, &c.] It was I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare alludes to the same practice in *Julius Cæsar* :

"—Here thy *hunters* stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *lethe*."

STEEVENS.



Cit. <sup>6</sup> Heralds, from off our towers we might  
 behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies ; whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured<sup>7</sup> :  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
 blows ;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-  
 fronted power :  
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so  
 even,  
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King John, with his power ;  
 ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard ; at the  
 other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA and  
 forces.*

K. JOHN. France, hast thou yet more blood to  
 cast away ?  
 Say, shall the current of our right roam on<sup>8</sup> ?

\* Heralds, from off, &c. ] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the best ; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —cannot be CENSURED:] i. e., cannot be *estimated*. Our author ought rather to have written—whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured.

MALONE.

So, in King Henry VI. Part I. :

"If you do *censure* me by what you were,  
 Not what you are." STEEVENS.

\* Say, shall the the current of our right ROAM on?] The editor of the second folio substituted *run*, which has been adopted in the subsequent editions. I do not perceive any need of change. In *The Tempest* we have—"the *wandering* brooks." MALONE.

I prefer the reading of the second folio. So in King Henry V. :

"As many streams *run* into one self sea."

The King would rather describe his right as *running on* in a *direct* than in an *irregular* course, such as would be implied by the word *roam*. STEEVENS.

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;  
 Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of  
 blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;  
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—  
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we  
 bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead :  
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !  
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth his fangs ;  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men<sup>a</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> —MOUSING the flesh of men,] *Mousing*, like many ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope ; and *mouthing*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, I suppose, mamecking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer-Nights Dream* : " Well moused Lion ! " Again, in *The Wonderful Year*, by Thomas Decker, 1603 : " Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and musing fat venison, the mad Greeks made bonfires of their houses."

MALONE.

I retain Mr. Pope's emendation, which is supported by the following passage in *Hamlet* :—"first mouthed to be last swallowed. Shakspeare designed no ridicule in this speech, and therefore did not write, (as when he was writing the burlesque interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*,)—*mousedown*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare is perpetually in the habit of using familiar terms and images in his most serious scenes. To instance only what occurs in this very play :

In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?  
 Cry, havock, kings<sup>1</sup> ! back to the stained field,  
 You equal potents<sup>2</sup>, fire-kindled spirits !  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and  
 death !

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet  
 admit ?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your  
 king ?

*1 Cit.* The king of England, when we know the  
 king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his  
 right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
 And bear possession of our person here :  
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*1 Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this ;  
 And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :  
 King'd of our fears<sup>3</sup> ; until our fears, resolv'd,

" Now for the *bare-pick'd bone* of majesty,  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest," &c.

Act IV. Scene last, and finem.

Again, Act V. Sc. II.:

" Have I not here the *best cards for the game*."

Again, Act V. Sc. IV. :

" *Unthread* the rude eye of rebellion !" MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Cry, havock, kings !] That is, *command slaughter to proceed*. So, in Julius Cæsar :

" *Cry, havock*, and let slip the dogs of war." JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> You equal POTENTS,] *Potents*, for *potentates*. So, in Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitult Philotus, &c, 1603. " Ane of the *potentes of the town*."—

<sup>3</sup> A greater power than we, denies all this ;—

KING'D of our fears] The old copy reads—

" *Kings of our feare*—" &c. STEEVENS.

" A greater power than we," may mean, 'the Lord of hosts who has not yet decided the superiority of either army ; and till it be undoubted the people of Angiers will not open their gates.

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers<sup>4</sup>  
flout you, kings ;

Secure and confident as lions, they are not at all afraid, but are *kings*, i. e. masters and commanders, of their fears, until their fears or doubts about the rightful king of England are removed.

TOLLET.

We should read, *than ye*. What power was this ? their *fears*.  
It is plain, therefore, we should read :

“ *Kings are our fears ;—*”

i. e. our fears are the kings which at present rule us.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense ; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads :

“ *Kings are our fears ;—*”

Which he explains to mean, “ our fears are the kings which at present rule us.”

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read :

“ *King'd of our fears ;—*”

“ *King'd* is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. Sc. V. The Dauphin says of England :

“ —she is so idly *king'd*.”

It is scarce necessary to add, that *of*, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of *by*. TYRWHITT.

“ *King'd of our fears ;*” i. e. our fears being our kings, or rulers. *King'd* is again used in *King Richard II.* :

“ Then I am *King'd* again.”

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears ; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is, therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, strongly, in my opinion, confirms his conjecture :

“ So shall these *slaves* [Tarquin's unruly *passions*] be  
*kings*, and thou their slave.”

Again, in *King Lear* :

“ — It seems, she was a queen  
Over her *passion*, *who*, most rebel-like,  
Saught to be *king* o'er her.”

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a sub-

And stand securely on their battlements,  
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
 At your industrious scenes<sup>6</sup> and acts of death.  
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;  
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem<sup>6</sup>,

sequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert ; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. MALONE.

\*—these SCROYLES of Angiers—] *Escroulles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows.

Ben Johnson uses the word in Every man in his Humour :

“—hang them *scroyles* !” STEEVENS.

\* At your INDUSTRIOUS scenes—] I once wished to read—*illustrious* ; but now I believe the text to be right. MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Your *industrious* scenes and acts of death, is the same as if the speaker had said—your laborious *industry* of war. So, in Macbeth :

“—and put we on

*industrious* soldiership.” STEEVENS.

\* Do like the MUTINES of Jerusalem,] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*, the *seditions*. So again, in Hamlet :

“——— and lay

Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes.”

Our author had probably read the following passages in A Compendious and Most Marvellous History of the Latter Times of the Jewes Common-Weale, &c. Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, By Peter Morwyn, 1575 : “ The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem ; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse.—The people were divided into *three parties* ; whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high-priest ; another part followed seditious Jehochanan ; the third most cruel Schimeon.—Anani, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the *seditious* gave over his third part, that stacke to him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his company took the Temple, and the courts about it ; appointing of his men, some to bee spyes, some to keep watch and ward.—But Jehochanan tooke the market-place and streets, the lower part of the city. Then Schimeon, the Jarosolomite, took the highest part of the town, wherefore his men annoyed Jehochanan's part sore with slings and crosse bowes. Between these three there was also most cruel battails in Jerusalem for the space of four days.

“ Titus' camp was about sixe furlongs from the towne. The

Be friends awhile<sup>7</sup>, and both conjointly bend  
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :  
 By east and west let France and England mount  
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;  
 Till their soul-fearing clamours<sup>8</sup> have brawl'd down  
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :  
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
 Even till unfenced desolation  
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
 That done, dissever your united strengths,  
 And part your mingled colours once again ;  
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point ;  
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
 Out of one side her happy minion ;  
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?  
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
 heads,

I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,  
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;  
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—

---

next morrow they of the towne seeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the capitaines of the *seditions* assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending to *turne their cruelty upon the Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the same *atonement* and purpose, by swearing one to another ; and so became peace amongst them. Wherefore *joyning together*, that before were *three several parts*, they set open the gates and all the best of them issued out with an horrible noise and shoute, that they made the Romaines afraid with all, in such wise that they fled before the *seditions*, which sodainly did set upon them unawares."

This allusion is not found in the old play. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Be friends a while, &c.] This advice is given by the Bastard in the old copy of the play, though comprised in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Till their SOUL-FEARING clamours—] i. e. soul-appalling.

MALONE.

Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :  
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,  
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so :—Say, where will you  
 assault ?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruc-  
 tion  
 Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,  
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;  
*Austria* and France shoot in each other's mouth :<sup>9</sup>

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it :—Come, away, away !

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while  
 to stay,  
 And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league ;  
 Win you this city without stroke, or wound ;  
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 That here come sacrifices for the field :  
 Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to  
 hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady  
 Blanch<sup>1</sup>,  
 Is near to England ; Look upon the years

\* O prudent discipline ! &c.] The poet has made Faulconbridge forget that he had made a similar mistake. See the preceding page :

" By east and west let France and England mount

" Their battering cannon—," TALBOT.

<sup>1</sup> —the lady BLANCH.] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, King of Castile, and was niece to King John by his sister Eleanor. STEEVENS.

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid :  
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?  
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue<sup>2</sup>,  
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?  
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch ?  
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete :  
 If not complete, O say<sup>3</sup>, he is not she ;  
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 If want it be not, that she is not he :  
 He is the half part of a blessed man,  
 Left to be finished by such a she<sup>4</sup> ;  
 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
 O, two such silver currents, when they join, .  
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in :  
 And two such shores to two such streams made  
                   one,  
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 To these two princes, if you marry them.  
 This union shall do more than battery can,  
 To our fast-closed gates ; for, at this match,  
 With swifter spleen<sup>5</sup> than powder can enforce,  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 And give you entrance ; but, without this match,

<sup>2</sup> If ZEALOUS love, &c.] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> If not complete, O say,] The old copy reads—"If not complete of, say," &c. Corrected by Sir T. HAMMER. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup>—SUCH A SHE ;] The old copy—*as she*." STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby prescribed that reading, which I have here restored to the text. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup>—at this match,

With swifter SPLEEN, &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, he applies *spleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.



The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
 More free from motion ; no, not death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
 As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,  
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old death  
 Out of his rags<sup>s</sup> ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

\* Here's a *STAY*,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death.

Out of his rags ! ] I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of *stay*, which though it may signify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read :

" Here's-a *flaw*,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death "

That is, here is a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careless hand, are not easily distinguished ; and if the writing was obscure, *flaw* being a word less usual, was easily missed. JOHNSON.

*Stay*, I apprehend, here signifies a *supporter of a cause*. Here's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. So, in the last Act of this play :

" What surety of the world, what hope, what *stay*  
 When this was now a king, and now is clay ? "

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

" Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay."

Again, in King Richard III. :

" What *stay* had I, but Edward, and he's gone."

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611 :

" England's fast friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*."

It is observable, that *partizan*, in like manner, though now generally used to signify an *adherent* to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd.

Perhaps, however, our author meant by the words, "Here's a *stay*," 'Here's a fellow, who whilst he makes a proposition as a *stay* or *obstacle*, to prevent the effusion of blood, shakes,' &c. The Citizen has just said :

" Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe a while to *stay*,  
 And I shall show you peace," &c.

It is, I conceive, no objection to this interpretation, that an *impediment* or *obstacle* could not shake death, &c. though the *person* who endeavoured to *stay* or prevent the attack of the two kings might. Shakspeare seldom attends to such *minutiae*. But the first explanation appears to me more probable. MALONE.

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and  
                   seas ;  
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?  
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and  
                   bounce ;

---

Perhaps the force of the word *stay*, is not exactly known. I meet with it in Damon and Pythias, 1582 :

“ Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon not this,

But to set my things in a *stay*. ”

Perhaps by a *stay*, the Bastard means “ a *steady, resolute fellow* who shakes,” &c. So, in Fenton's Tragical Discourses, bl. l. 4to-1567 : “—more apt to follow th' inclination of vaine and lascivious desyer, than disposed to make a *staye* of herselfe in the trade of honest vertue.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 22nd Iliad :

“ Trie we then—if now their hearts will leave

Their citie cleare, her cleare *stay* [i. e. Hector] slaine.”

A *stay*, however, seems to have been meant for something *active*, in the following passage in the 6th canto of Drayton's Barons' Wars :

“ Oh could ambition apprehend a *stay*,  
 The giddy course it wandereth in, to *guide*. ”

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. x. :

“ Till riper years he raught, and stronger *stay*. ”

Shakspeare, therefore, who uses *wrongs* for *wrongers*, &c. &c. might have used a *stay* for a *stayer*. Churchyard, in his Siege of Leeth, 1575, having occasion to speak of a trumpet that sounded to proclaim a truce, says—

“ This *staye* of warre made many men to muse. ”

I am therefore convinced that the first line of Faulconbridge's speech needs no emendation.

Shakspeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in The Famous History of Thomas Stukely, 1605, bl. l. :

“ Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed !  
 He speaks all *Mars* :—tut, let me follow such  
 A lad as this :—This is pure fire :  
 Ev'r'y look he casts, flasheth like lightning ;  
 There's mettle in this boy.  
 He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire :  
 Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed. ” STEEVENS.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;  
 Our ears are cudgel'd : not a word of his,  
 But buffets better than a fist of France :  
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this  
 match ;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough :  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;  
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their  
 souls  
 Are capable of this ambition :  
 Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was <sup>6</sup>

---

\* Lest ZEAL, now melted, &c. ] We have here a very unusual and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *repress zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool* ; in Shakspeare's to *melt* it : when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*.

JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to *metal* in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice ; and if this passage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive is, " Lest the now *zealous* ; and to you well-affected *heart* of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has *newly* been *melted* and *softened*, should by the breath of supplications of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again *become congealed* and frozen." I once thought that " the windy breath of soft petitions." &c. should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers ; but now I believe that they were intended to be connected, in constructions, with the following line.—In a subsequent scene we find a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions :

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
To speak unto this city : What say you ?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely  
son,  
Can in this book of beauty read <sup>1</sup>, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :

"This act, so evilly born, shall *cool the hearts*  
Of all his people, and *freeze up their zeal*."

Here Shakspeare does not say that *zeal*, when "*congealed*," exerts its utmost power," but on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it *ceases* to exert itself at all ; it is no longer zeal.

We again meet with the same allusion in King Henry VIII. :

"——This makes bold mouths ;  
Tongues spit their duties out, and *cold hearts freeze*  
*Allegiance* in them."

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we see, in the language of Shakspeare, are in their highest state of exertion, when *melted* ; and repressed or diminished, when *frozen*. The word *freeze*, in the passages just quoted, shows that the allusion is not, as has been suggested, to *metals*, but to *ice*.

The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal*, which is, as it were, personified. *Zeal*, if it be understood strictly, cannot "*cool and congeal again to what it was*," (for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal*,) though a *person* who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, *as he was*, before he was warmed.—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, *before it was zeal*." MALONE.

The *windy breath* that will *cool metals in a state of fusion*, produces not the effects of *frost*. I am, therefore, yet to learn, how "the *soft petitions* of Constance, and *pity* for Arthur," (two gentle agents) were competent to the act of *freezing*.—There is surely somewhat of impropriety in employing Favonius to do the work of Boreas. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Can in this book of beauty reap, ] So, in Pericles, 1609 :

"Her *face*, the book of *praises*," &c.

Again, in Macbeth :

"Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men  
May read strange matters." MALONE.

For Anjou<sup>a</sup>, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
 And all that we upon this side the sea  
 (Except this city now by us besieg'd)  
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions,  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the  
 lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
 I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye<sup>b</sup>.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

<sup>a</sup> For ANJOU.] In old editions:

"For Angiers, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
 and all that we upon this side the sea,  
 (*Except this city now by us besieg'd.*)  
 Find liable," &c.

What was the city *besieged* but Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now besieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the English held in France. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed both by the context and by the anonymous *King John*, printed in 1591. See the next page. See also p. 231, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> DRAWN in the flattering TABLE of her eye.] So, in *All's Well That Ends Well*:

"——to sit and *draw*

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's *table*."

*Table* is *picture*, or, rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr. STEEVENS.

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—  
 And quartered in her heart !—he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor : This is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there  
                   should be,  
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect, is  
                   mine :

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
 That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will ;  
 Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)  
 I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be  
                   your judge,)
 That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say  
                   you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin ; can you  
                   love this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen<sup>1</sup>, Touraine,  
                   Maine,  
 Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
 With her to thee ; and this addition more,

---

<sup>1</sup> —Volquessen,] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin* ; in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEVENS.

This and the subsequent line (except the words, "do I give,") are taken from the old play. MALONE.

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well ;—Young princes, close  
your hands<sup>2</sup>.

*Aust.* And your lips too ; for, I am well assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd<sup>3</sup>.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made ;  
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?—  
I know, she is not ; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much :  
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate at your highness'  
tent<sup>4</sup>.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we  
have made,  
Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady ? In her right we came ;

<sup>2</sup> —Young princes, close your hands.] See the Winter's Tale, vol. xiv. p. 246, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —I am well ASSUR'D,

That I did so, when I was first ASSUR'D.] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affanced, contracted*. So, in The Comedy of Errors :

“——called me Dromio, swore I was *assur'd* to her.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> She is sad and PASSIONATE at your highness' tent.] *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a *prey to mournful sensations*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money :

“——Thou art *passionate*,  
Hast been brought up with girls.” STEEVENS.

Again, in the old play entitled The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, 1600 :

“ Tell me, good madam,  
Why is your grace so *passionate* of late ?” MALONE.

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all ;  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens  
retire from the walls.*]

*Bast.* Mad world ! mad kings ! mad composition !  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part<sup>b</sup> :  
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on ;  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup>—DEPARTED with a part :] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in Every Man in his Humour : "Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money." Again, in Every Woman in her Humour, 1609 : "She'll serve under him till death us *depart*." STEEVENS.

So, in Love's Labour Lost,

"Which we much rather had *depart* withal." MALONE.

<sup>b</sup>—ROUNDED in the ear—] i. e. whispered in the ear. This phrase is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, or *A Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607 : "I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his *Muses*, lent Pliny ink to write his history, and *rounded* Rabelais in the ear when he historified Pantagruel." Again, in the Spanish Tragedy :

"Forthwith Revenge she *rounded* me i' th' ear." STEEVENS.

So, in The Winter's Tale,

"They're here with me already : whispering, *rounding*.  
*Sicilia* is a so-forth."

See an explanation of the word and its etymology in a letter from Sir Henry Spelman. *Wormii Literatura Runica Hafniæ* 1651, p. 4. BOSWELL.



With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;  
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,  
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
 Who having no external thing to lose  
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that<sup>7</sup>;  
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commo-  
 dity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world<sup>8</sup> ;  
 The world, who of itself is peised well,  
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;  
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this commodity,

<sup>7</sup>—Who having no external thing to lose

But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that ; ] The construction here appears extremely harsh to our ears, yet I do not believe there is any corruption ; for I have observed a similar phraseology in other places in these plays. The construction is—Commodity, he that wins of all,—*he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely, the word maid, i. e. her chastity. *Who having* is used as the absolute case, in the sense of “ *they* having— ; ” and the words “ who having no external thing to lose but the word maid,” are in some measure parenthetical ; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parenthesis, because then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In *The Winter's Tale* are the following lines, in which we find a similar phraseology :

“—This your son-in-law,  
 And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)  
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Here the pronoun *whom* is used for *him*, as *who*, in the passage before us, is used for *they*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> COMMODITY, the BIAS of the world ; ] *Commodity* is *interest*.

So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

“—for virtue's sake only,

They would honour friendship and not for *Commoditie*.”

Again,

“ I will use his friendship to mine own *Commoditie*.”

STEEVENS.

So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607 :

“ O the world is like a *byas* bowle, and it runs all on the rich men's sides.” HENDERSON.

Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :  
 And this same bias, this commodity,  
 This bawd, this broker, \* this all-changing word,  
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid<sup>1</sup>,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—  
 And why rail I on this commodity ?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand<sup>2</sup>,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm :  
 But for my hand<sup>3</sup>, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee ! [*Exit*<sup>4</sup>.

\* —this BROKER,] A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp*, or *procuress*. See a note on *Hamlet*.

"Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers*," &c.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —from his own determined aid,] The word *eye*, in the line preceding, and the word *own*, which can ill agree with *aid*, induces me to think that we ought to read—"his own determined *aim*," instead of *aid*. His *own aid* is little better than nonsense.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> —CLUTCH my hand,] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp close. So in *Measure for Measure* : "putting the hand into the pocket, and extracting it *clutched*." Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602 :

"The fist of strenuous vengeance is *clutch'd*."

<sup>3</sup> But for, &c.] i. e. because. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"I curse myself, *for* they are sent by me." REED.

Again, in *Othello* :

"—or *for* I am declin'd

Into the vale of years." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> In the old copy the second Act extends to the end of the

## ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. The French King's Tent.

*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:  
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears<sup>6</sup>;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow,<sup>6</sup> husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,

speech of Lady Constance, in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself on the ground. The present division, which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. MALONE.

See Mr. Theobald's note. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> For I am sick, and *capable* of fears;] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. So, in Hamlet:

"His form and cause conjoin' dpreaching to stones,  
Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> A widow,] This was not the fact. Constance was at this time married to a third husband, Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester. MALONE.

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?  
 Be these sad signs<sup>a</sup> confirmers of thy words ?  
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;  
 And let belief and life encounter so,  
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—  
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?  
 France friend with England ! what becomes of  
 me ?—

Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;  
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

<sup>a</sup> Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?] This seems to have been imitated by Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess* 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,  
*Like a proud river, o'erflow their bounds—*" MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> Be these SAD SIGNS—] The *sad signs* are, *the shaking of his head, the laying his hand on his breast, &c.* We have again the same words in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So she, at these *sad signs* exclaims on death."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—Be these *sad sighs*—&c. MALONE.

*Arth.* I do beseech, you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou<sup>9</sup>, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots<sup>1</sup>, and sightless<sup>2</sup> stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart<sup>3</sup>, prodigious<sup>4</sup>,  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content ;  
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.

\* If thou, &c.] Massinger appears to have copied this passage in *The Unnatural Combat* :

"—If thou hadst been born  
Deform'd and crooked in the features of  
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind ;  
Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, &c. &c.  
I had been blest." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Ugly, and sland'rous to thy MOTHER'S WOMB,  
Full of unpleasing BLOTS,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

"The blemish that will never be forgot,  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-how's blot*."

MALONE.

\* sightless —] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

\* —swart,] *Swart* is brown, inclining to black. So, in *King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Sc. II.* :

"And whereas I was black and *swart* before."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*,

"*Swart* like my shoe, but her face nothing so clean kept."

STEEVENS.

\* —prodigious,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

In this sense it is used by Decker, in the first part of *The Honest Whore*, 1604 :

"—yon comet shews his head again ;  
Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us  
*Prodigious* looks."

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607 :

"Over whose roof hangs this *prodigious* comet."

Again, in *The English Arcadia*, by Jarvis Markham, 1607 :  
"O, yes, I was *prodigious* to thy birth right, and as a blazing  
star at thine unlook'd for funeral." STEEVENS.

But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !  
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :  
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
 And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;  
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone,  
 Am bound to under-bear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.

CONST. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go  
 with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;  
 For grief is proud, and makes its owner stoop<sup>s</sup>.

\*—makes his owner *STOUT*.] The old editions have—"makes  
 its owner *stoop*." The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's.

JOHNSON.

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, b. vi. :

" Full with *stout grief* and with disdainful woe."

STEEVENS.

Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another. This obscurity induced Sir T. Hanmer, for *stoop*, to substitute *stout* ; a reading that has been too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions.

The confusion arises from the poet's having personified grief in the first part of the passage, and supposing the afflicted person to be *bowed* to the earth by that pride or haughtiness which Grief, which he personifies, is said to possess ; and by making the afflicted person, in the latter part of the passage ; actuated by this very pride, and exacting the same kind of obeisance from others, that Grief has exacted from her.—" I will not go (says.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble<sup>6</sup>; for my grief's so great,  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit<sup>7</sup> ;

Constance) to these kings ; I will teach my sorrows to be proud : for Grief is proud, and makes the afflicted *stoop* ; therefore here I throw myself, and let them come to me." Here, had she stopped, and thrown herself on the ground, and had nothing more been added, however we might have disapproved of the conceit, we should have had no temptation to disturb the text. But the idea of throwing herself on the ground suggests a new image ; and because her *stately* grief is so great that nothing but the huge earth can support it, she considers the ground as her *throne* ; and having thus invested herself with regal dignity, she, as queen in *misery*, as possessing (like Imogen) "the supreme crown of grief," calls on the Princes of the world to bow down before her, as she has herself been *bowd down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the process that passed in the poet's mind : which appears to me so clearly to explain the text, that I see no reason for departing from it. MALONE.

I am really surprized that Mr. Malone should endeavour, by one elaborate argument, to support the old debasing reading. A pride which makes the owners stoop is a kind of pride ; I have never heard of ; and though grief, in a weaker degree, and working in weaker minds, may depress the spirits, despair, such as the haughty Constance felt at this time, must naturally rouse them. This distinction is accurately pointed out by Johnson, in his observations on this passage. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> To me, and to the state of my great grief,

Let kings assemble ;] In *Much Ado About Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief, that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in *Leonato* and *Lady Constance*, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn : angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help ; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — here I and sorrows sit ;] Thus the old copy. Perhaps we should read—"Here I and *sorrow sit*." Our author might

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it <sup>8</sup>.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

have intended to personify sorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his King Edward II. :

"While I am lodg'd within this cave of care,  
Where *Sorrow* at my elbow still attends."

The transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike. So, we find, in the quarto copy of King Henry IV. Part I. :

"The mailed Mars shall on his *altars* sit—"

instead of—shall on his *altar* sit. Again, in the quarto copy of the same play we have—monstrous *scantle*, instead of—monstrous *cantle*.

In this conjecture I had once great confidence ; but, a preceding line—

"I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud,"  
now appears to me to render it somewhat disputable.

Perhaps our author here remembered the description of Elizabeth, the widow of King Edward IV. given in an old book, that, I believe, he had read—"The Queen *sat alone below on the rushes*, all desolate and dismaide; whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner that he coude." Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543. So also, in a book already quoted, that Shakspeare appears to have read, A compendious and most marvelous History of the latter Times of the Jewes Commonweale : "All those things when I Joseph heard tydings of, I tare my head with my hand, and cast ashes upon my beard, *sitting in great sorrow upon the ground.*" MALONE.

<sup>8</sup>—bid kings come bow to it. ] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the division of the second and third Acts. In the old editions, the second Act was made to end here ; though it is evident Lady Constance here, in her despair, seats herself on the floor : and she must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the Act decently : or the *flat scene* must shut her in from the sight of the audience, an absurdity I cannot wish to accuse Shakspeare of. Mr. Gildon, and some other criticks, fancied, that a considerable part of the second Act was lost, and that the chasm began here. I had joined in this suspicion of a scene or two being lost, and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "It seems to be so, (says he,) and it were to be wish'd the *restorer* (meaning *me*) could supply it." To deserve this great man's thanks, I will venture at the task ; and hope to convince my readers that nothing is lost ; but that I have supplied the suspected chasm, only by rectifying the division of the Acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the constitution of the play, I am satisfied that the third Act ought to begin with that



*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,  
Ever in France shall be kept festival :  
To solemnize this day <sup>9</sup>, the glorious sun

scene which has hitherto been accounted the last of the second Act : and my reasons for it are these. The match being concluded, in the scene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a messenger is sent for Lady Constance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the solemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage ; and the Bastard staying a little behind, to descant on interest and commodity, very properly ends the Act. The next scene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his message to Constance, who, refusing to go to the solemnity, sets herself down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expresses such satisfaction on occasion of the happy solemnity of that day, that Constance rises from the floor, and joins in the scene by entering her protest against their joy, and cursing the business of the day. Thus, I conceive, the scenes are fairly continued, and there is no chasm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Salisbury's coming to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to close the Act with his soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judicious enough ; but Mr. Theobald forgets there were, in Shakspear's time, no moveable scenes in common playhouses. JOHNSON.

It appears, from many passages, that the ancient theatres had the advantages of machinery as well as the more modern stages. See a note on the fourth scene of the fifth Act of *Cymbeline*.

How happened it that Shakspeare himself should have mentioned the act of *shifting scenes*, if in his time there were no scenes capable of being *shifted* ! Thus, in the chorus to King Henry V. :

“ Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*.”

This phrase was hardly more ancient than the custom which it describes. STEEVENS.

See this question fully discussed in *The History of the Stage*,  
BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> To solemnize this day, &c.] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :  
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
 Shall never see it but a holyday<sup>2</sup>.

*Const.* A wicked day<sup>3</sup>, and not a holyday !—

[*Rising.*  
 What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done ;  
 That it in golden letters should be set,

The first lines of Rowe's tragedy —

" Let this auspicious day be ever sacred," &c.

are apparently taken from Dryden's version of the second Satire of Persius :

" Let this auspicious morning be exprest," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — and plays the ALCHEMIST ;] Milton has borrowed this thought :

" ——— when with one virtuous touch  
*Th' arch-chemic sun,*" &c. *Paradise Lost*, b. iii.

STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 33d Sonnet :

" *Gilding* pale streams with *heavenly alchymy.*"

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Shall never see it but a holyday.] So, in The Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge, 1616 : " This joyful day of their arrival [that of Richard I. and his mistress, Clarabel,] was by the king and his counsell *canonized for a holy-day.*" MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> A wicked day, &c.] There is a passage in The Honest Whore, by Decker, 1604, so much resembling the present, that I cannot forbear quoting it :

" Curst be that day for ever, that robb'd her  
 Of breath, and me of bliss ! henceforth let it stand  
 Within the wizzard's book (the kalendar)  
 Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen  
 By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,  
 As the best day for them to labour in.  
 If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world  
 Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,  
 Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,  
 Slander, (the beggars sin,) lies, (the sin of fools,)  
 Or any other damn'd impieties,  
 On Monday let them be delivered," &c. HENDERSON.

Among the high tides<sup>4</sup>, in the kalendar ?  
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week<sup>5</sup> ;  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury :  
 Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd<sup>6</sup> :  
 But on this day<sup>7</sup>, let seamen fear no wreck ;  
 No bargains break, that are not this day made  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. *Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no  
 cause

<sup>4</sup> — high tides, ] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;] In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job, iii. 3 : " Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6 : " Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." MALONE.

In *The Fair Penitent*, the imprecation of Calista on the night that betrayed her to Lothario, is chiefly borrowed from this and subsequent verses in the same chapter of Job. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — PRODIGIOUSLY be cross'd :] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are  
 Despised in nativity." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> But on this day, &c.] That is, *except* on this day.

JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks, (several of which I have in my possession,) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

" By the almanack, I think  
 To choose good days and shun the critical."

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" —an almanack  
 Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out  
 Days of iniquity to cozen fools in." STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth* :

" ——— Let this pernicious hour  
 Stand, aye, accursed in the calendar." MALONE.

To curse the fair proceedings of this day :  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty<sup>8</sup>; which, being touch'd, and  
tried<sup>9</sup>,

Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn ;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours<sup>1</sup> :  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league :—  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd  
kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day<sup>2</sup> in peace ; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord<sup>3</sup> 'twixt these perjur'd kings !  
Hear me, O, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a  
war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria<sup>4</sup> ! thou dost shame

<sup>8</sup> You have beguil'd me with a COUNTERFEIT,  
Resembling majesty ; ] i. e. a false coin. A *counterfeit* formerly signified also a *portrait*.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Resembling majesty ; which, being TOUCH'D, AND TRIED, ] Being *touch'd*—signifies, having the *touchstone* applied to it. The two last words—*and tried*, which create a redundancy of measure, should, as Mr. Ritson observes, be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> You came in ARMS to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in ARMS you strengthen it with yours : ] I am afraid here is a clinch intended. "You came *in war* to destroy my enemies, but now you strengthen them *in embraces*."

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Wear out the DAY—] Old copy—*days*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Set armed discord, &c. ] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> O LYMOGES ! O AUSTRIA ! ] The propriety or impropriety

That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art  
thou,

A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?  
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?  
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame <sup>s</sup>,

---

of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition [in 1193] ; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood Lymoges as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshead says on this occasion : " The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of Limoges, in revenge of his father's death," &c. Austria, in the old play, [printed in 1591] is called Lymoges, the Austrich duke.

With this note I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors ; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend, Henry Black, Esq. STEEVENS.

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs \*.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me !

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

\* —DOFF it for shame,] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. So, in *Fuinus Troes*, 1633 :

"Sorrow must *doff* her sable weeds." STEEVENS.

\* And hang a CALF'S-SKIN on those recreant limbs.] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf's-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back ; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled *The Birth, Life, and Death, of John Franks*, with the Pranks he Played though a meer Fool, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin*. In chap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf's-skin*, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance, and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland ; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's* or cow's *skin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, are the two following passages :

"I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's-skin*."

Again :

"His *calf's-skin* jests from hence are clean exil'd,"

Again, in the play :

"I'll come wrapp'd in a *calf's-skin*, and cry bo, bo."—

Again : "I'll wrap me in a rousing *calf's-skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin."—"I mean my *Christmas calf's-skin* suit."

STEEVENS.

It does not appear that Constance means to call Austria a *fool*, as Sir John Hawkins would have it ; but she certainly means to call him *coward*, and to tell him that a *calf's-skin* would suit his *recreant limbs* better than a lion's. They still say of a dastardly person that he is a *calf-hearted fellow* ; and a run-away school boy is usually called a great *calf*. RITSON.

The speaker in the play [*Wily Beguiled*] is Robin Goodfellow. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Constance, by cloathing Austria in a *calf's-skin*, means only to insinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* seems to favour such a supposition. MALONE.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs<sup>7</sup>.

*K. John* We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter* PANDULPH.

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !  
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force perforce,

<sup>7</sup> *Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. ] Here Mr. Pope inserts the following speeches from the old play of King John, printed in 1591, before Shakspeare appears to have commenced a writer :

" *Aust.* Methinks, that Richard's pride, and Richard's fall,  
Should be a precedent to fright you all."

" *Faulc.* What words are these ? how do my sinews shake !  
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil !  
How doth Alecko whisper in my ears,  
*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain straight ;*  
*Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*  
*Thy father's triumph o'er the savages !—*  
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,  
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,  
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back.  
And split thy heart for wearing it so long." STEEVENS.

I cannot, by any means, approve of the insertion of these lines from the other play. If they were necessary to " explain the ground of the bastard's quarrel to Austria," as Mr. Pope supposes, they should rather be inserted in the first scene of the second Act, at the time of the *first altercation* between the Bastard and Austria. But indeed the ground of their quarrel seems to be as clearly expressed in the first scene as in these lines ; so that they are unnecessary in either place ; and therefore, I think, should be thrown out of the text, as well as the three other lines, which have been inserted, with as little reason, in Act III. Sc. II. : " Thus hath King Richard's," &c. TYRWHITT.

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?  
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories<sup>a</sup>,  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

<sup>a</sup> What earthly, &c.] This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old spurious play: "And what hast thou, or the pope thy master, to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own ? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churohmen, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me ; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all, shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England ; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal : and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS.

"What *earthly* name to interrogatories,

"Can *task* the free *breath*," &c. i. e. 'What earthly name, *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them ?' The old copy reads—*earthly*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. It has also *tast* instead of *task*, which was substituted by Mr. Theobald. *Breath* for speech is common with our author. So, in a subsequent part of this scene :

"The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, "*breathing* courtesy," for *verbal* courtesy. MALONE.

The emendation [*task*] may be justified by the following passage in *King Henry IV.* Part I.:

"How show'd his *tasking* ? seem'd it in contempt ?"

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

"That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France."

STEEVENS.



Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England,  
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;  
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
 So, under him, that great supremacy,  
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :  
 So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,  
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

*K. Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;  
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :  
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish ;  
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate :  
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretic ;  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
 That takes away by any secret course  
 Thy hateful life\*.

\* That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.] This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices, are registered as saints. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is incorrect in supposing that there is no

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !  
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too ; when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;  
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can that law forbid my tongue to curse ?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,  
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul,

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

---

proof that this play appeared before the reign of King James. It is mentioned by Meres in the year 1598 : but if any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in King John, 1591,) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569 : " Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenessse of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person." MALONE.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because——

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them <sup>1</sup>.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference

Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome <sup>2</sup>,

Or the light loss of England for a friend:

Forgo the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.

*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Your breeches best may carry them. ] Perhaps there is somewhat proverbial in this sarcasm. So, in the old play of King Leir, 1605:

"*Mum.* Well I have a payre of slops for the nonce,  
Will hold all your mocks." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, ] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup>—the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new UNTRIMMED bride. ] Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read:

"In likeness of a new *and trimmed* bride."

i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald says, "that as *untrimmed* cannot bear any signification to square with the sense required," it must be corrupt; therefore he will cashier it, and read—*and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor: but they are both too hasty. It squares very well with the sense, and signifies *unsteady*. The term is taken from navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, *not well manned*. WARBURTON.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with proper severity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep* her *steady*, would be too risible for any common power of face. JOHNSON.

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from  
her faith,  
But from her need.

---

*Trim is dress.* An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undrest*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? But notwithstanding what Aristænetus assures us concerning *Lais*—ἐνδεδυμένη μὲν, ἐὺπροσωποράῳ δὲ ἡδύσα δὲ ὅγῃ πρόσωπον φαίνεται—that *drest* she was beautiful, *undrest* she was *all beauty*—by Shakspeare's epithet—*untrimmed*, I do not mean absolutely *naked*, but

Nuda pedem, discincta sinum, spoliata lacertos;  
in short, whatever is comprized in Lothario's idea of *unattired*.

Non mihi sancta Diana placet, nec nuda Cythere;  
Illa voluptatis nil habet, hæc nimium.

The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumbered of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment.

Ben Jonson in his *New Inn*, says:

"*Bur.* Here's a lady gay.

*Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady!"

Again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And I was *trimm'd* in madam Jullia's gown."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act II.:

"*Trimmi'd* like a younker prancing to his love."

Again, in *Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1514:

"—a good huswife, and also well *trimmed* up in apparel."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an "*untrimmed* bride" is meant 'a bride unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit.' The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *King John's* preceding words:

"Go we, as well as *haste* will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshable or a frugal vesture. In *Minshew's Dictionary*, it signifies one not finely dressed or attired. Again, in *Vives's Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 1592, p. 98 and 99: "Let her [the mistress of the house] bee content with a maide not faire and wanton, that can sing a ballad with a clere voice, but sad, pale, and *untrimmed*." STEEVENS.

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read, as Mr. Theobald has proposed—

"—a new and *trimmed* bride,"

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of need ;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

The following passage in King Henry IV. Part I. appears to me strongly to support his conjecture :

" When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,—  
Came there a certain lord, neat, *trimly* dress'd,  
Fresh as a *bridegroom*—."

Again, more appositely, in Romeo and Juliet :

" Go, waken Juliet ; go, *and trim* her up ;  
Make haste ; the *bridegroom* he is come already."

Again, in Cymbeline :

" ———— and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty *trims*, wherein  
You made great Juno angry."

Again, in our author's Venus and Adonis :

" The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and *trim*—."

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim*, in the first and last of these passages, and the 'laboursome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry,' which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word *untrimmed* is the true one. Minsheu's definition of *untrimmed*, "qui n'est point orné,—*inornatus incultus*," as well as his explanation of the verb "to trim," which according to him, means the same as "to *prank* up," may also be adduced to the same point. See his Dictionary, 1617. Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that "to *trim* means to *dress* out, but not to *clothe* ; and, consequently, though it might mean *undorned*, it cannot mean *unclad*, or *naked*." MALONE.

*Pand.* What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.  
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;  
 And the conjunction of our inward souls  
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
 With all religious strength of sacred vows ;  
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,  
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;  
 And even before this truce, but new before,—  
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd  
 With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint  
 The fearful difference of incensed kings :  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both<sup>4</sup>,  
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret<sup>5</sup> ?  
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,  
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;  
 Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity ? O holy sir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so :  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

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\* — so strong in both, ] I believe the meaning is, "love so strong in both *parties*." JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in *love* ; in deeds of *amity* or *blood*.

HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — this kind REGRET ? ] A *regreet* is an exchange of *salutation*. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

"So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba." STEEVENS.

Some gentle order ; and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son,  
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A cased lion \* by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost  
hold.

*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my  
faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;  
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;  
That is, to be the champion of our church !  
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself :  
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is not amiss when it is truly done ' ;

\* A CASED lion—] The modern editors read—a *chafed* lion. I see little reason for change. "A cased lion" is 'a lion irritated by confinement.' So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act I. Sc. III. ;

"So looks the *pent-up* lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paws ;" &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley's *When you See Me you Know Me*, 1621 :

"The lyon in his *cage* is not so sterne  
As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene."

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used. MALONE.

'Is NOT amiss, when it is truly done;] This is a conclusion *de travers*. We should read;

"Is yet amiss——,"

The Oxford editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it further, and reads—*most* amiss. WARBURTON.

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it :  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures ; as fire cools fire,  
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;  
 But thou hast sworn against religion<sup>s</sup> ;

I rather read :

"*Is't not amiss, when it is truly done ?*"  
 as the alteration is less, and the sense which Dr. Warburton first  
 discovered is preserved. JOHNSON.

The old copies read :

"*Is not amiss, when it is truly done.*"

Pandulph, having conjured the king to perform his first vow  
 to heaven,—to be champion of the church,—tells him, that what he  
 has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be  
 performed by him : for *that*, says he, which you have sworn to *do*  
*amiss*, is *not amiss*, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that  
 is, as he explains it, not done at all) ; and being *not done*, where it  
 would be a *sin to do it*, the *truth is most done* when you *do it not*.  
 So, in Love's Labour's Lost :

"It is *religion* to be thus *forsworn*." RITSON.

Again, in Cymbeline :

"———she is fool'd

With a most false effect, and *I the truer*  
*So to be false with her.*"

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first,  
 the passage will appear perfectly clear. "Where doing tends to ill,"  
 where an intended act is criminal, the *truth is most done*, by *not*  
*doing* the act. The criminal act therefore which thou hast sworn  
 to do, is *not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be  
 done *truly*, in the sense I have now affixed to *truth* ; that is, if you  
 do *not do it*. MALONE.

\* But thou hast sworn against religion ; &c.] The propositions,  
 that "the voice of the church is the voice of heaven," and that "the  
 Pope utters the voice of the church," neither of which Pandulph's  
 auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is  
 irresistible ; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce  
 it with greater brevity or propriety :

"But thou hast sworn against religion :

By *what* thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st :

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,



By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st ;

---

"Against an oath the truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn."

"By *what*," Sir T. Hanmer reads—By *that*. I think it should be rather by *which*. That is, "thou swear'st against the thing, by *which* thou swear'st ; that is, "*against religion*."

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines :

"And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
Against an oath the truth thou art unsure  
To swear," &c.

This Sir T. Hanmer reforms thus :

"And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,  
Against an oath ; *this* truth thou art unsure  
To swear." &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus :

"Against an oath the truth thou art unsure—"

which leaves the passage to me as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The sense, after I had considered it, appeared to me only this: In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou makest an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken." I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath ; "when thou swearest, thou may'st *not* be always *sure* to swear rightly ;" but let this be thy settled principle, "swear only not to be forsworn : " let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

*Truth*, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct.

JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right ; and that the line "By *what*," &c. is put in apposition with that which precedes it : "But thou hast sworn, against religion ; thou hast sworn, *by what* thou swear'st, i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swear'st by* ; i. e. religion. Our author has many such elliptical expressions. So, in King Henry VIII.

"—Whoever the king favours,

The cardinal will quickly find employment [*for*],

And far enough from court too."

Again, *ibidem* :

"This is about that which the bishop spake" [*of*].

Again, in King Richard III. :

"True ornaments to know a holy man" [*by*].

Again, in The Winter's Tale :

"A bed-swerper, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles" [*to*].

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath : The truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear ?  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself :  
 And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against those giddy loose suggestions ;  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them : but, if not, then know,  
 The peril of our curses light on thee ;  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion !

*Bast.* Will't not be ?  
 Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

*Lew.* Father, to arms !

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day ?  
 Against the blood that thou hast married ?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?  
 Shall braying trumpets<sup>1</sup>, and loud churlish drums,—

Again, *ibidem* :

“—the queen is spotless—

“In this that you accuse her” [*of*]. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —SWEAR only not to be forsworn ;] The old copy reads—*seears*, which, in my apprehension, shows that two half lines have been lost, in which the person supposed to *seear* was mentioned. When the same word is repeated in two succeeding lines, the eye of the compositor often glances from the first to the second, and in consequence the intermediate words are omitted. For what has been lost, it is now in vain to seek ; I have therefore adopted the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which makes some kind of sense. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —braying trumpets,] *Bray* appears to have been particularly applied to express the harsh grating sound of the trumpet. So in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. iv. c. xii. st. 6 :

“And when it ceast shrill *trompets* loud did *bray*.”

Again, b. iv. c. iv. st. 48 :

Clamours of hell,—be measures<sup>2</sup> to our pomp ?  
 O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 Fore-thought by heaven.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love ; What motive  
 may  
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee up-  
 holds,

His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

*Lew.* I muse<sup>3</sup>, your majesty doth seem so cold,

"Then shrilling *trompets* loudly 'gan to *bray*."

And elsewhere in the play before us :

"—Hard-resounding *trumpets*' dreadful *bray*."

Again, in Hamlet :

"The *trumpet* shall *bray* out——."

Gavin Douglas, in his translation of the *Æneid*, renders  
 "sub axe *tonanti*——" (lib. v. v. 820 :) )

"Under the *brayand* quhelis and assiltre."

Blackmore is ridiculed in the *Dunciad*, (b. ii.) for *endeavouring*  
 to ennoble this word by applying it to the sound of armour, war,  
 &c. He might have pleaded these authorities, and that of  
 Milton :

"Arms on armour clashing *bray'd*

Horrible discord." *Paradise Lost*, b. vi. v. 209.

Nor did Gray, scrupulous as he was in language, reject it in  
 The Bard :

"Heard ye the din of battle *bray* ?" HOLI WHITE.

<sup>2</sup> —be MEASURES —] The *measures*, it has already been  
 more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our  
 author's time.

This speech is formed on the following lines in the old play :

"*Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding-day

Forsoke your bride, and follow dreadful drums ?

*Phil.* Drums shall be music to this wedding-day."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> I MUSE,] i. e. I wonder. REED.

When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need ;—England, I'll fall from thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty !

*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,

Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'ercast with blood : Fair day, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me <sup>4</sup>.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— *[Exit Bastard.]*

So, in Middleton's Tragi-Coomodie, called The Witch :

“ And why thou staist so long, I muse,

Since the air's so sweet and good” STEEVENS.

\* They whirl asunder, and dismember me] Alluding to a well-known Roman punishment :

—Metium in diversa quadrigæ

Distulerant. *Æneid*, viii. 642. STEEVENS.

See vol. xiv. p. 127, n. 3, where I have shewn that Shakspeare was much more likely to have alluded in cases of this sort to events which had happened in his own time than to the Roman history.

MALONE.



And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there;  
While Philip breathes <sup>6</sup>.

*Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.*

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy <sup>7</sup>:—Philip <sup>8</sup>,  
make up :

My mother is assailed in our tent <sup>9</sup>,  
And ta'en, I fear,

*Bast.* My lord, I rescued her ;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not :  
But on, my liege ; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

1592 : With respect to the passage in question, take the following: "—the spirits of the *aire* will mixe themselves with thunder and lightning, and so *infect* the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainly great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the regions of the moone" HENDERSON.

<sup>6</sup> While Philip breathes.] Here Mr. Pope, without authority, adds from the old play already mentioned :

" Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,  
and offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice  
Unto his father's ever-living soul," STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Hubert, keep this boy :] Thus the old copies. M. Tyrwhitt would read :

" Hubert, keep *thou* this boy :"—STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup>—Philip,] Here the King, who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> My mother is assailed in our tent,] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau, in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief ; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Eleanor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Eleanor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. MALONE.

## SCENE III.

The Same.

*Alarums ; Excursions ; Retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert and Lords.*

*K. John.* So shall it be ; your grace shall stay behind, [ *To Elinor.*  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad : [ *To Arthur.*

Thy grandam loves thee ; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John,* Cousin, [ *To the Bastard.* ] away for England ; haste before :  
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots ; angels imprisoned  
Set thou at liberty<sup>1</sup> : the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon<sup>2</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> Set THOU at liberty : ] The word *thou* (which is wanting in the old copy) was judiciously added, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon : ] This word *now* seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, and opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires :

“ Must by the hungry *war* be fed upon.”

*War*, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is better than the former word, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hanmer reads—hungry *maw*, with less deviation from the common reading, but not with so much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON

Use our commission in his utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle<sup>3</sup> shall not drive me  
back,  
When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
I leave your highness :—Grandam, I will pray

Either emendation may be unnecessary. Perhaps, the "hungry now" is 'this hungry instant,' Shakspeare uses the word *now* as a substantive, in Measure for Measure :

"———till this very *now*,

When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how."

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, "—the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops,"—to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings : "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation." 107th Psalm.—Again : "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things," &c. St. Luke, i. 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated ;

"Philip, I make thee chief in this affair ;  
Ransack their abbeyes, cloysters, priories,  
Convert their coin unto my *soldiers'* use."

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the line before us, and that our author wrote :

"Must by the hungry *soldiers* now be fed on."

But the interpretation above given renders any alteration unnecessary. MALONE.

\* BELL, BOOK, and CANDLE—] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.

JOHNSON.

I meet with the same expression in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611 :

"I'll have a priest shall mumble up a marriage  
Without *bell, book, or candle*." STEEVENS.

In Archbishop Winchelsea's Sentences of Excommunication, anno 1298, (see Johnson's Ecclesiastical Laws, vol. ii.) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be "—throughout explained *in order in English*, with bells tolling, and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread ; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences." See Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. xii. p. 397, edit. 1780. REED.



(If ever I remember to be holy,)
 For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewell, my gentle cousin.

*K. John.*

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Bastard.*]

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes Arthur aside.*]

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh  
 There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,  
 And with advantage means to pay thy love :  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
 But I will fit it with some better time <sup>4</sup>.  
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd  
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
 so yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
 Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good,  
 I had a thing to say,—But let it go :  
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds <sup>5</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> —with some better TIME.] The old copy reads—*tune*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night*. See that play, vol. xi. p. 397. n. 3. In *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. ult. we have—"This *time* goes manly," instead of—"This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

In the hand-writing of Shakspeare's age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —full of GAWDS.] *Gawds* are any *showy ornaments*. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

"To caper in his grave. and with vain *gawds*  
 Trick up his coffin."

See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

To give me audience :—If the midnight bell  
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound one into the drowsy race of night<sup>a</sup> ;  
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

<sup>a</sup> Sound *ONE* into the drowsy race of night ;] The word *one* is here, as in many other passages in these plays, written *on* in the old copy. Mr. Theobald made the correction. In Chaucer, and other old writers, *one* is usually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to The Canterbury Tales. So *once* was anciently written *ons*. And it should seem, from a quibbling passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, that *one*, in some counties at least, was pronounced, in our author's time, as if written *on*. Hence the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. One of the persons whom I employed to read aloud to me each sheet of the present work [Mr. Malone's edition, 1790] before it was printed off, constantly sounded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Herefordshire.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed instead of *one*, are so numerous, that there cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that *one* is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in Coriolanus, edit. 1623, p. 15 :

“ ———This double worship,—

Where *on* part does disclaim with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason.”

Again, in Cymbeline, 1623, p. 380 :

“ ———perchance he spoke not ; but  
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a Jarmen *on*,” &c.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet, 1623, p. 66 :

“ And thou, and Romeo, press *on* heavie bier.”

Again, in The Comedy of Errors, 1623, p. 94 :

*On*, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel.”

Again, in All's Well That End's Well, 1623, p. 240 : “ A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner,—but *on* that lies three thirds,” &c.

Again in Love's Labour's Lost, quarto, 1598 :

“ *On*, whom the music of his own vaine tongue—.”

Again, *ibid.* edit. 1623, p. 113 :

“ *On*, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.”

The same spelling is found in many other books. So, in Holland's Suetonius, 1606, p. 14 : “ —he caught from *on* of them a trumpet,” &c.

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact of which no one can be ignorant, who has the *slightest knowledge* of

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

the early editions of these plays, or of our older writers, had not the author of Remarks, &c. on the last Edition of Shakspeare, asserted, with that *modesty and accuracy* by which his pamphlet is distinguished, that the observation contained in the former part of this note was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that "it would be difficult to find a *single instance*" in which *on* and *one* are confounded in those copies.

Mr. Theobald also proposed to read *unto* for *into*, which has been too hastily adopted ; for *into* seems to have been frequently used for *unto* in Shakspeare's time. So, in Harsnet's Declaration, &c. 1603 ; "—when the nimble vice would skip up nimbly—*into* the devil's neck."

Again, in Daniel's Civil Wars, b. iv. folio, 1602 :

"She doth conspire to have him made away,  
Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,  
But by her father's counsel and consent."

Again, in our poet's King Henry V. :

"Which to reduce *into* our former favour—."

Again, in King Henry VIII. :

"———Yes, that goodness  
Of gleanings all the land's wealth *into* one."

i. e. *into* one man. Here we should now certainly write "*unto* one."

Independently, indeed, of what has been now stated, *into* ought to be restored. So, Marlowe, in his King Edward II. 1598 :

"I'll thunder such a peal *into* his ears," &c.

So also Bishop Hall, in his Heaven upon Earth : "These courses are not incident *into* an almighty power, who having the command of all vengeance, can smite when he list !" MALONE.

I should suppose the meaning of—"Sound on," to be this : 'If the midnight bell, by repeated strokes, was to hasten away the race of beings who are busy at that hour, or quicken night itself in its progress ;' the morning bell (that is, the bell that strikes *one*,) could not with strict propriety, be made the agent ; for the bell has ceased to be in the service of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* may also have a peculiar propriety, because by the repetition of the strokes at *twelve*, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only strikes *one*.

Such was once my opinion concerning the old reading ; but on re-consideration, its propriety cannot appear more doubtful to any one than to myself.

It is too late to talk of hastening the night, when the arrival of the morning is announced : and I am afraid that the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;  
 ( Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 A passion hateful to my purposes ; )  
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone <sup>7</sup>,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;  
 Then, in despite of brooded <sup>8</sup> watchful day,

from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one ; and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in Hamlet,—

“ The bell then beating *one*.”

Shakspeare may be restored into obscurity. I retain Mr. Theobald's correction ; for though “ thundering a peal *into* a man's ears” is good English, I do not perceive that such an expression as “ sounding one *into* a drowsy race,” is countenanced by any example hitherto produced. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup>—using CONCEIT alone,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought. So, in King Richard III.:

“ There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,  
 When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup>—brooded—] So the old copy. Mr. Pope reads—*broad-ey'd*, which alteration, however elegant, may be unnecessary. All animals while *brooded*, i. e. “ with a brood of young ones under their protection,” are remarkably vigilant.—The King says of Hamlet:

“———there's something in his soul  
 O'er which his melancholy sits on *brood*.”

In P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, a *broodie* hen is the term for a hen that sits on eggs. See p. 301, edit. 1601 :

Milton also, in *L'Allegro*, desires Melancholy to—

“——Find out some uncouth cell

Where *brooding* darkness spreads his *jealous* wings :”  
 plainly alluding to the *watchfulness* of fowls while they are sitting. *Broad-eyed*, however, is a compound epithet to be found in Chapman's version of the eighth Iliad :

“ And hinder *broad-ey'd* Jove's proud will—.” STEEVENS  
*Brooded*, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual

I Would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :  
 But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;  
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st ?  
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way ;  
 And, wheresoc'er this food of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I will keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord ?

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub,* He shall not live.

licence, for *brooding* ; i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood.

Shakspeare appears to have been so fond of domestic and familiar images, that one cannot help being surprized that Mr. Pope, in revising these plays, should have gained so little knowledge of his manner as to suppose any corruption here in the text. MALONE.

The same image is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Borduca*, Act IV. Sc. II.:

" See how he *broods* the boy."

Again, in *The Woman's Prize*, Act I. Sc. I.:

" This fellow *broods* his master."

*Brooded* is used for *brooding* by Shakspeare, (says Mr- Malone) with his usual licence. So delighted for delighting in *Othello* :

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

Discontenting for discontented :

" Your *discontenting* father strive to qualify."

And so in a multitude of other instances. BOSWELL.

I am not thoroughly reconciled to this reading ; but it would be somewhat improved by joining the words *brooded* and *watchful* by a hyphen—*brooded-watchful*. M. MASON.

*K. John.*

Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember<sup>9</sup>. — Madam, fare you well :

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee !

*K. John.*

For England, cousin<sup>1</sup>, go :

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

The Same. The French King's Tent.

*Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado<sup>2</sup> of convicted sail<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Remember.] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection ; no change in dramatic taste can injure it ; and time itself can substract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> For England, cousin :] The old copy—

“ For England, cousin, go : ”

I have omitted the last useless and redundant word, which the eye of the compositor seems to have caught from the preceding, hemistich. STEEVENS.

King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise, in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain ; from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. MALONE

<sup>2</sup> A whole ARMADO —] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented ; which was a winter or two at most after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakspeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner :

“ This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,” &c.

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

*Pand.* Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified :  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause<sup>4</sup>,  
Doth want example : Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this ?

*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this  
praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. WARBURTON.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armado*. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he can only guess. JOHNSON.

*Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1588 was called so by way of distinction. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —of CONVICTED sail —] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's Dictionary, 1617: "To *convict*, or *convince*, a Lat. *convictus*, overcome." So, in *Macbeth* :

"——their malady *convince*s

The great assay of art."

Mr. Pope, who ejected from the text almost every word that he did not understand, reads—*collected* sail ; and the change was too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors.

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : "*Convitto*. Vanquished, *convicted*, convinced." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —in so fierce a CAUSE,] We should read *course*, i. e. *march*. The Oxford editor condescends to this emendation.

WARBURTON.

Change is needless. A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. "*Fierce* wretchedness," in *Timon*, is, *hasty sudden misery*. STEEVENS.

*Enter Constance.*

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;  
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath<sup>s</sup> :—  
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

<sup>s</sup> —a grave unto a soul ;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted BREATH :] I think we should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More : " If the body be to the *Soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stufleth it with *riff-raff*, that the soule can have no room to stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grace*." FARMER.

There is surely no need of change. " The vile prison of afflicted breath," is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined—we have the same image in King Henry VI. Part III.:

" Now my *soul's* palace is become her *prison*."

Again, more appositely, in his Rape of Lucrece :

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd ;  
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted *prison* where it *breath'd*."

Again, in Sir John Davies's *Nosce Teipsum* :

" Yet in the *body's prison* so she lies,  
 As through the body's windows she must look."

MALONE.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

" To be *imprison'd* in the viewless *winds*." STEEVENS.

It appears, from the amendment proposed by Farmer, and by the quotation adduced by Steevens in support of the old reading, that they both consider this passage in the same light, and suppose that King Philip intended to say, " that the breath was the prison of the soul ;" but I think they have mistaken the *sense* of it ; and that by " the vile prison of afflicted breath," he means the same vile prison in which the breath is confined ; that is, the body.

In the second scene of the fourth Act, King John says to Hubert, speaking of what passed in his own mind :

" Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reign."

And Hubert says, in the following scene :



*Const.* Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle constance !

*Const.* No, I defy<sup>6</sup> all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death :—O amiable lovely death !  
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy détestable bones ;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;  
And stop this gap of breath<sup>7</sup> with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself :  
Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife<sup>8</sup> ! Misery's love",  
O, come to me !

" If I, in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was *embounded* in this beauteous clay,  
May hell want pains enough to torture me ! "

It is evident that, in this last passage, the breath is considered as *embounded* in the body ; but I will not venture to assert that the same inference may with equal certainty be drawn from the former.  
M. MASON

"No, I DEFY, &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*.  
So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" I do *defy* thy commiseration." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup>And stop this GAP OF BREATH —] The *gap of breath* is the mouth ; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup>And BUSS thee as thy wife !] Thus the old copy. The word *buss*, however, being now only used in vulgar language, our modern editors have exchanged it for *kiss*. The former is used by Drayton, in the third canto of his *Barons' Wars*, where Queen Isabel says :

" And we by signs sent many a secret *buss*."  
Again, in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. x. :

" But every satyre first did give a *busse*  
To Hellenore ; so *busses* did abound."  
Again, Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, 1582, renders

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.<sup>1</sup>

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy<sup>2</sup> to belie me so ;  
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;  
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :  
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

—oscula libavit natæ

*Bust* his pritty parrat prating, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Misery's LOVE, &c.] Thou, death, who art courted by misery to come to his relief, O come to me. So before :

"Thou *hate* and terror to *prosperity*." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —MODERN invocation.] It is hard to say what Shakspeare means by *modern* : it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's Well That Ends Well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word : "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

*Modern*, is *trite*, *ordinary*, *common*.

So, in *As You Like It* :

"Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

"As we greet *modern* friends withal." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Thou art NOT holy—] The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, (evidently omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor,) was inserted in the fourth folio. MALONE. perhaps our author wrote :

"Thou art *unholy*," &c. STEEVENS.

And teaches me to kill or hang myself :  
 If I were mad I should forget my son ;  
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :  
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses<sup>3</sup> : O, what love I  
 note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends<sup>4</sup>  
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Bind up those tresses : ] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy ; but they only serve to show how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON

<sup>4</sup> —wiry FRIENDS—] The old copy reads—*wiry* fiends. *Wiry* is an adjective used by Heywood, in his *silver Age*, 1613 :

" My vassal furies, with their *wiry* strings,  
 Shall lash thee hence." STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

*Fiends* is obviously a typographical error. As the epithet *wiry* is here attributed to *hair* ; so, in another description, the *hair* of Apollo supplies the office of *wire*. In The Instructions to the Commissioners for the Choice of a Wife for Prince Arthur, it is directed " to note the eye-brows" of the young Queen of Naples, (who, after the death of Arthur, was married to Henry VIII. and divorced by him for the sake of Anna Bulloyn). They answer, " Her browes are of a browne heare, very small, like a *wyre of heare*." Thus also, Gascoigne :

" First for her head, her hairs were not of gold,  
 But of some other mettall farre more fine,  
 Whereof each crinet seemed to behold,  
 Like glist'ring *wyars* against the sunne that shine."

HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> To England, if you will.] Neither the French king nor Pandulph has said a word of England since the entry of Constance. Perhaps, therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John : " Take my son to England, if you will" ;

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?

I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,  
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have given these hairs their liberty !*

But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire<sup>6</sup>,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.<sup>7</sup>

now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is, therefore, of no consequence to me where he is.

MALONE

<sup>6</sup> — but yesterday SUSPIRE,] To *suspire*, in Shakspeare, I believe, only means to *breathe*. So, in King Henry IV. part. II. :

“ Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.”

Again, in a Copy of Verses prefixed to thomas Powell's Passionate poet, 1601 :

“ Beleeve it, I *suspire* no fresher aire,

“ Than are my hopes of thee, and they stand faire.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — a GRACIOUS creature born.] *Gracious*, i. e. *graceful*. So, in Albion's Triumph, a masque, 1631 : “ — on the which (the freeze) were festoon of several fruits in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* postures, lay children sleeping.”

Again, in the same piece : “ — they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the eighteenth Iliad :

“ — then tumbled round, and tore,

His *gracious* curls.” STEEVENS,

A passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Marston's Malcontent, 1604, induces me to think that *gracious* likewise, in our author's time, included the idea of *beauty* : “ — he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes.— sleeking of skinnies, blushing of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made and could lady *gracious* by torch-light.” MALONE

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son<sup>8</sup>.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your  
 child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent  
 child<sup>9</sup>,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort<sup>1</sup> than you do.—  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

<sup>8</sup> He talks to me, that never had a son.] To the same purpose Macduff observes—

“ He has no children.”

This thought occurs also in King Henry VI. Part III.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Grief fills the room up of my absent child,]

Perfruitur lachrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.

*Lucan*, lib. ix.

Maynard, a French poet, has the same thought :

Qui me console, excite ma colere,

Et le repos est un bien que je crains :

Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,

*Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.* MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort —] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON.

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
 O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !  
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure ! [*Exit.*  
*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.  
 [*Exit.*

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world, can make  
 me joy<sup>2</sup> :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale<sup>3</sup>,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;  
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet words  
 taste<sup>4</sup>,

That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
 Even in the instant of repair and health,  
 The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,  
 On their departure most of all show evil :

<sup>2</sup> There's nothing in this, &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years ; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride ? JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.] Our author here, and in another play, seems to have had the 90th Psalm in his thoughts. "For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring *our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*" So again, in Macbeth :

"Life's but a walking shadow ;—

——it is a tale

Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —the sweet words taste.] The *sweet word is life* ; which says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads—"the sweet *world's* taste."

MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Pope's reading, which is sufficiently justified by the following passage in Hamlet :

"How weary, *stale, flat* and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !"

Our present rage for *restoration* from ancient copies may induce some of our readers to exclaim, with Virgil's Shepherd :

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt. STEEVENS.

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you have won it, certainly, you had.  
No, no : when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath  
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won :

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

*Lew.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your  
blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit ;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore,  
mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :  
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :  
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's  
fall ?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your  
wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green you are, and fresh in this old  
world<sup>5</sup> !

---

<sup>5</sup> How green, &c.] Hall, in his Chronicle of Richard III.

John lays you plots<sup>6</sup>; the times conspire with you :  
 For he, that steeps his safety in true blood<sup>7</sup>,  
 Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
 This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;  
 That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it :  
 No natural exhalation in the sky,  
 No scape of nature<sup>8</sup>, no distemper'd day,  
 No common wind, no custom'd event,  
 But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
 And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
 Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,  
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's  
 life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

says, "—what neede in that *grene worlde* the protector had," &c. HENDERSON.

<sup>6</sup> John lays you plots ;] That is, lays plots, which must be serviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your business. MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. A similar phrase occurs in The First Part of King Henry VI. :

"He writes *me* here,—that," &c.

Again, in the Second Part of the same play : "He would have carried *you* a fore-hand shaft," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup>—true blood,] The blood of him that has the *just* claim.

JOHNSON.

The expression seems to mean no more than *innocent blood* in general. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup>—No *SCAPE* of nature,] The old copy reads—No *scope*, &c. STEEVENS.

It was corrected by Mr. Pope. The word abortives, in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes* of nature, confirms the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*, as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent upon some other thing. WARBURTON.



If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
 Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts  
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change ;  
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot :  
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
 Than I have nam'd<sup>9</sup> !—The bastard Faulconbridge  
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity : If but a dozen French  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call<sup>1</sup>  
 To train ten thousand English to their side ;  
 Or, as a little snow<sup>2</sup>, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
 Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent :  
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,  
 For England go ; I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strange actions<sup>3</sup> :

Let us go ;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
 Than I have nam'd !] I believe we should read—*lo !* instead  
 of O. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup>—they would be as a call—] The image is taken from  
 the manner in which birds are sometimes caught ; one being placed  
 for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call*.  
 MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Or, as a little snow,] Bacon, in his History of Henry VII.  
 speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that " their *snow-ball* did not  
 gather as it went." JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup>—STRANGE actions :] Thus the old copy. The editor of the  
 second folio, for *strange*, substituted *strong* ; and the two words  
 so nearly resemble each other that they might certainly have been  
 easily confounded. But, in the present instance, I see no reason  
 for departing from the reading of the original copy, which is per-  
 fectly intelligible. MALONE.

The repetition, in the second folio, is perfectly in our author's  
 manner, and is countenanced by the following passage in King  
 Henry V. :

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton <sup>4</sup>. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter Hubert and Two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand

Within the arras : when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth :  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to't—  
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

---

“ Think we King Harry *strong*,  
And, princes, look, you *strongly* arm to meet him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Northampton.] The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined as Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular, from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England ; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned, in some modern editions, as the place, merely because, in the first Act, King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. MALONE.

Methinks, no body should be sad but I :  
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
 Only for wantonness<sup>6</sup>. By my christendom<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> Young gentlemen, &c.] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in the character of Master Stephen, in *Every Man in His Humour*, 1601. Again, in *Questions concerning Conie-hood*, and the Nature of the Conie, &c. 1595 : "That conie-hood, which proceeds of *melancholy*, is, when in feastings appointed for merriment, this kind of conie-man sits like Mopsus or Corydon, blockish, never laughing, never speaking, but so bearishlie as if he would devour all the companie ; which he doth to this end, that the guests might mutter how this his deep *melancholy* argueth great learning in him, and an intendment to most weighty affaires and heavenlie speculations."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Cornith*, Onos says :

"Come let's be *melancholy*."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592 : "*Melancholy* ! is *melancholy* a word for a barber's mouth ? Thou shouldst say, heavy, dull, and doltish : *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers ; and now every base companion, &c. says he is *melancholy*."

Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1613 :

"My nobility is wonderful *melancholy*.——"

Is it not most gentleman-like to be *melancholy* ?"

STEEVENS.

Lyly, in his *Midas*, ridicules the affectation of *melancholy* : "Now every base companion, being in his *muble fubles*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our *courtly* terms, wee'll trounce thee." FARMER.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup>—By my CHRISTENDOM.] This word is used, both here and in *All's Well That End's Well*, for *baptism*, or rather the *baptismal name* :

"——— with a world

Of pretty, fond adoptions *christendoms*,

That blinking Cupid gossips."

Nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lyly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way : "Concerning the body, as there is no gentlewoman so curious to have him in print, so there is no one so careless to have him a wretch,—only his right shape to show him a man, his *christendome* to prove

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
 I would be as merry as the day is long ;  
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
 My uncle practises more harm to me :  
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :

It is my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?  
 No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,  
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;  
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :  
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*  
 Turning spiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief ; lest resolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you ?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart ? When your head  
 did but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 ( The best I had, a princess wrought it me, )  
 And I did never ask it you again :  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;  
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your  
grief ?

Or, What good love may I perform for you ?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
And call it, cunning ; Do, an if you will :  
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine  
eyes ?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you ?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it ;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do  
it !

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot<sup>7</sup>,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>7</sup>—though HEAT red-hot,] The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time. See *Twelfth-Night*, vol. xi. p. 342, n. 8.

So, in the sacred writings: "He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be, *heat*." *Dan.* iii. 19. MALONE.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 20th Iliad :  
"——but when blowes, sent from his fiery hand  
(Thrice *heat* by slaughter of his friend)——."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 19th book of the *Odyssey* :

"And therein bath'd being temperately *heat*,  
Her sovereign's feet." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And quench HIS FIERY INDIGNATION,] The old copy—*this* fiery indignation. This phrase is from The New Testament, *Heb.* x. 27 :—"a certain fearful looking-for of judgment, and *fiery indignation*——." STEEVENS.

We should read either "*its* fiery." or "*his* fiery indignation."

Even in the matter of mine innocence :  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hamner'd iron?  
 An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue, but  
 Hubert's.<sup>9</sup>

*Hub.* Come forth. [Stamps.

*Re-Enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes  
 are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him  
 here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-  
 rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

The late reading was probably an error of the press. *His* is most in Shakspeare's style. M. MASON.

By "*this* fiery indignation," however, he might mean,—'the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose.' MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.] The old copy, and some of our modern editors, read :

"I would not have believ'd *him* ; no tongue but Hubert's."

The truth is, that the transcriber, not understanding the power of the two negatives *not* and *no*, (which are usually employed, not to affirm, but to deny more forcibly,) intruded the redundant pronoun *him*. As you like it, affords an instance of the phraseology I have defended :

"Nor, I am sure, there is *no* force in eyes  
 That can do hurt." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steeven's former note on this passage is worth preservation. "Shakspeare probably meant this line to be broken off imperfectly ; thus :

"I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue but Hubert's—."  
 The old reading is, however, sense." BOSWELL,

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a  
 deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Arth.* Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy ?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven !—that there were but a mote  
 in yours<sup>1</sup>,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !  
 Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise ? go to, hold your  
 tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of  
 tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :  
 Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !

<sup>1</sup>—a MOTE in yours.] The old copy reads *moth*.

*Moth* was merely the old spelling of *mote*. In the passage quoted from *Hamlet*, the word is spelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So also, in the preface to Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596 : “---they are in the aire, like *atomi* in *sole mothes* in the *sonne*. See also Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598 :

“Festucco.—A *moth*, a little beam.”

So, in *Hamlet* :

“A *mote* it is, to trouble the mind's eye.”

A *mote* is a small particle of straw or *chaff*. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*. MALONE.

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue<sup>2</sup>,  
 So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;  
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with  
 grief<sup>3</sup>,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
 In undeserv'd extremes : See else yourself ;  
 There is no malice in this burning coal<sup>4</sup>;  
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it  
 blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;  
 And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup>Or, Hubert if you will, cut out my tongue.] This is according to nature. We imagine evil so great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup>—the fire is dead with GRIEF, &c.] The sense is: *the fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup>There is no malice in this burning coal:] Dr. Grey says, that "no malice in a burning coal" is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

"There is no malice burning in this coal." STEEVENS.

Dr. Grey's remark on this passage is an hypercriticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "He could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost, for a time, its power of injuring, by the abatement of its heat. M. MASON.

Yet in defence of Dr. Grey's remark it may be said, that Arthur imagined "that the coal was no longer burning," although Hubert tells him afterwards "that it was not so far extinguished, but that he could revive it with his breath." BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup>—TARRE him on.] i. e. stimulate, set him on. Supposed to be derived from *tapár* to excite. The word occurs again in Ham-



All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live<sup>6</sup>; I will not touch thine  
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this  
while

You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu ;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me<sup>7</sup>;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

let :—"and the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them on to controversy." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"Pride alone must *tarre* the mastiffs on." STEEVENS.

Mr. Horne Tooke derives it from *Tyran*. A. S. *exacerbare*, *irritare*. BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> — SEE to live ;] "See to live" means only—"Continue to enjoy the means of life." STEEVENS.

I believe the author meant—"Well, live, and live with the means of seeing ;" that is, 'witee your eyes uninjured.' MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — GO CLOSELY in with me ;] i. e. secretly, privately. So, in *Albumazar*, 1610, Act III. Sc. I. :

"I'll entertain him here ; mean while, steal you  
*Closely* into the room," &c.

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV. Sc. I. :

"Enter *Frisco closely*."

Again, in *Sir Henry Wotton's Parallel* : "That when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take an out lodging at Greenwich," REED.

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Enter King John, crowned ; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again  
crown'd<sup>8</sup>,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous<sup>9</sup> : you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double  
pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> —once AGAIN crown'd,] Old copy—*against*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> This once again,—

Was once superfluous :] This one time more was one time more than enough. JOHNSON.

It should be remembered, that King John was at present crowned for the *fourth time*. STEEVENS.

John's second coronation was at Canterbury, in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time, at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April, 1202 ; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> To GUARD a title that was rich before,] To *guard*, is to *fringe*.

JOHNSON.

Rather, to ornament with a border, or lace.

See *Measure for Measure*, vol. ix. p. 105, n. 6. MALONE.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ — give him a livery

More *guarded* than this fellows.” STEEVENS.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
 This act is as an ancient tale new told<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face  
 Of plain old form is much disfigured :  
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;  
 Startles and frights consideration ;  
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than  
 well,  
 They do confound their skill in covetousness<sup>3</sup> :  
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;  
 As patches, set upon a little breach,

<sup>2</sup> — as an ancient tale new told ;] Had Shakspeare been a diligent examiner of his own compositions, he would not so soon have repeated an idea which he had first put into the mouth of the Dauphin :

“ Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.”

Mr. Malone has a remark to the same tendency. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> They do confound their skill in COVETOUSNESS:] i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling, as in Henry V. :

“ But if it be a sin to *covet honour*,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.” THEOBALD.

So, in our author's 103d Sonnet :

“ Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well ?”

Again, in King Lear :

“ Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.” MALONE.

Discredit more in hiding of the fault<sup>4</sup>,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your high-  
ness

To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;  
Since all and every part of what we would<sup>5</sup>,  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double corona-  
tion

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;  
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)  
I shall indue you with<sup>6</sup> : Mean time, but ask  
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;  
And well shall you perceive, how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I, (as one that am the tongue of  
these,  
To sound the purposes<sup>7</sup> of all their hearts,)

<sup>4</sup>—in hiding of the FAULT,] *Fault* means *blemish*.

STEEVENS

<sup>5</sup> Since all and every part of what we would,] Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;

And more, more strong, (WHEN lesser is my fear,)

I shall indue you with:] Mr. Theobald reads—"the lesser is my fear)" which, in the following note, Dr. Johnson has attempted to explain STEEVENS.

I have told you some reasons, in my opinion *strong*, and shall tell more, *yet stronger* ; for the stronger my reasons are, the *less* is *my fear* of your disapprobation. This seems to be the meaning.

JOHNSON

"And more, more strong, (*when* lesser is my fear,)

I shall indue you with:" The first folio reads :

"—(*then* lesser is my fear.)"

The true reading is obvious enough :

"—(*when* lesser is my fear)." TYRWHITT.

I have done this emendation the justice to place it in the text.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> To sound the purposes—] To *declare*, to *publish* the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies,) heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument,—  
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman<sup>8</sup>, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise<sup>9</sup> ?

<sup>8</sup> If, what in REST you have, in right you hold,  
Why THEN your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong,) SHOULD move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, &c.] Perhaps we should read ;  
“If, what in *wrest* you have, in right you hold—,”

i. e. if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence, &c.  
So again, in this play :

“The imminent decay of *wrested* pomp.”

*Wrest* is a substantive used by Spenser, and by our author in  
Troilus and Cressida. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens is its own voucher.  
If *then* and *should* change places, and a mark of *interrogation* be  
placed after *exercise*, the full sense of the passage will be restored.

HENLEY.

Mr. Steeven's reading of *wrest* is better than his explanation.  
If adopted, the meaning must be—“If what you possess, or have  
in your hand, or grasp.” RITSON.

It is evident that the words *should* and *then* have changed their  
places. M. MASON.

The construction is—If you have a good title to what you now  
*quietly* possess, why then *should* your fears move you,” &c.

MALONE.

Perhaps this question is elliptically expressed, and means—

“Why then *is it that* your fears should move you,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —good exercise?] In the middle ages, the whole education  
of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c.  
These could not be easily had in a prison, were mental improve-  
ments might have been afforded as well as any where else, but  
this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active,  
warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

That the time's enemies may not have this  
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ;  
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,  
 Than whereupon our weal, on your depending,  
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

*Enter Hubert.*

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?

*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody  
 deed ;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine :  
 The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his  
 Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast ;  
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go,  
 Between his purpose and his conscience<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Between his PURPOSE and his conscience,] Between his *consciousness* of guilt, and his *design* to conceal it by fair professions. JOHNSON.

Rather, between the criminal act that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of his conscience consequent on the execution of it. So, in *Coriolanus* :

"It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot."

We have nearly the same expressions afterwards :

"Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, (in John's own person)

"Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns

"*Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*" MALONE.

The *purpose* of the king, which Salisbury alludes to, is that of putting Arthur to death, which he considers as not yet accomplished, and therefore supposes that there might still be a conflict, in the King's mind—

"Between his *purpose* and his conscience."

So, when Salisbury sees the dead body of Arthur, he says—

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;

The practice and the *purpose* of the king." M. MASON.

Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set<sup>2</sup> :  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pem.* And, when it breaks<sup>3</sup>, I fear, will issue  
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong  
hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :  
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past  
cure.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he  
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick :  
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows  
on me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

*Sal.* It is the apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,  
That greatness should so grossly offer it :  
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which ow'd the breath of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !

<sup>2</sup> Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles SET:] But heralds are not planted, I presume in the midst betwixt two lines of battle ; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured, to read.—*sent.* THEOBALD.

*Set* is not *fixed*, but only *placed* ; heralds must be *set* between battles, in the order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> And, when it breaks,] This is but an indelicate metaphor taken from an imposthumated tumour. JOHNSON.

This must not be thus borne : this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

*K. John.* They burn in indignation ; I repent ;  
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;  
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.——

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :  
Pour down thy weather :— How goes all in france ?

*Mess.* From France to England <sup>4</sup>.—Never such a  
power

For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land !  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been  
drunk ?

Where hath it slept<sup>5</sup> ? Where is my mother's care ?  
That such an army could be drawn in france,  
And she not hear of it ?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,  
The lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

<sup>4</sup> From Franco to England.] The King asks *how all goes in France*, the Messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now into England. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> O, where hath our intelligence been DRUNK ?  
Where hath it SLEPT ?] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——Was the hope *drunk*  
Wherein you drest yourself ? hath it *slept* since ? ”

MALONE.



*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !  
 O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
 My discontented peers ! —What ! mother dead ?  
 How wildly then walks my estate in France<sup>6</sup> !—  
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
 That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?  
*Mess.* Under the Douphin.

*Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
 With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
 To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff  
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
 Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin ; for I was  
 amaz'd<sup>7</sup>

Under the tide : but now I breathe again  
 Aloft the flood ; and can give audience  
 To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
 The sums I have collected shall express.  
 But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
 I find the people strangely fantasied ;  
 Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;  
 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :

<sup>6</sup> How WILDLY then WALKS my estate in France !] So, in one of the Paston Letters, vol. iii. p. 99 : "The country of Norfolk and suffolk stand right *wildly*." STEEVENS.

i. e. How ill my affairs *go* in France !—The verb, *to walk*, is used with great licence by old writers. It often means, *to go*, *to move*. So, in the Continuation of Herding's Chronicle, 1543 : "Evil words *walke* far." Again, in Fenner's Compter's Commonwealth, 1618 : "The keeper, admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while," &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —I was AMAZ'D—] i. e. stunned, confounded. So, in Cymbeline : "—I am *amaz'd* with matter." Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, vol. viii. p. 200.

"You do *amaze* her : hear the truth of it." STEEVENS.

And here's a prophet<sup>8</sup>; that I brought with me  
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
 With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
 That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst  
 thou so?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out  
 so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
 And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
 Deliver him to safety<sup>9</sup>, and return,  
 For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are  
 full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
 (With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)  
 And others more, going to seek the grave  
 Of Arthur, who, they say<sup>1</sup>, is kill'd to-night  
 On your suggestion.

<sup>8</sup> And here's a prophet,] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellows was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See Holinshed's Chronicle, under the year 1213. DOUCE.

See A. of Wintown's Cronykil, b. vii. ch. viii. v. 801, &c.

STEEVENS.

Speed (History of Great Britain, p. 499,) observes, that he [Peter the Hermit] was suborned by the Pope's legate, the French king, and the Barons for this purpose. GREY.

<sup>9</sup> Deliver him to safety,] That is, "Give him into safe custody." JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —who, they say,] Old copy—*whom*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies :  
I have a way to win their loves again ;  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste ; the better foot  
before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me  
speed. [*Exit.*

*K. John.* Spoke like a spriteful noble gentle-  
man.—

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* My mother dead !

*Re-enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say, five moons were seen  
to-night<sup>2</sup> :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons ?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophecy upon it dangerously :

<sup>2</sup> —five moons were seen to-night, &c.] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians. I have met with it no where but in Matthew of Westminster and Polydore Virgil, with a small alteration. GREY.

This incident is likewise mentioned in the old King John.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
 And whisper one another in the ear;  
 And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
 Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,  
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes<sup>3</sup>.  
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
 Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet<sup>4</sup>),

<sup>3</sup> And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;] This description may be compared with a spirited passage in Edward III Capell's Prolusions, p. 75:

"Our men with open mouths, and staring eyes  
 Look on each other, as they did attend  
 Each others words, and yet no creature speaks;  
 A tongue-ty'd fear hath made a midnight hour,  
 And speeches sleep through all the waking regions."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — slippers, (which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon CONTRARY feet,)] The following notes afford a curious specimens of the difficulties which may arise from the fluctuations of fashion. What has called forth antiquarian knowledge of so many learned commentators is again become the common practice at this day. BOSWELL.

I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which, in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. Scott, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, tells us: "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider whether he put not on his shirt wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of Scogan, by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. And Davies, in one of his

Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean unwash'd artificer

---

Epigrams, compares a man to "a soft-knit hose, that serves each leg." FARMER.

In *The Fleire*, 1615, is the following passage : "—This fellow is like your *upright shoe*, he will serve either foot." From this we may infer, that some shoes could only be worn on the foot for which they were made. And Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1850, as an instance of the word *wrong*, says : "—to put on his *shooes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date : "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his master sawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then asked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *lefte foote* a *right foote*. Then sayd Howleglas to his maister, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them ; but an it please you I shall cut as mani *right shoone* unto them." Again, in *Frobisher's Second Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataia*, 4to. bl. l. 1578 : "They also beheld (to their great marvaile) a dublet of canuas made after the Englishe fashion, a shirt, a girdle, three shoes for *contrarie feet*," &c. p. 21. See also the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, 1797, p. 280, and the plate annexed, figure 3. STEEVENS.

See Martin's *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, 1703, p. 207 : "The generality now only wear shoes having one thin sole only, and *shaped after the right and left foot*, so that what is for one foot will not serve the other." The meaning seems to be, that the extremities of the shoes were not round or square, but were cut in an oblique angle, or aslant from the great toe to the little one. See likewise *The Philosophical Transactions* abridged, vol. iii. p. 432, and vol. vii. p. 23, where are exhibited shoes and sandals shaped to the feet, spreading more to the outside than the inside. TOLLET.

So, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606 :—if in a morning his shoes were put one [*r. on*] wrong, and namely *the left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himself also furnishes an authority to the same point. Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaks of a *left shoe*. It should be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted : a circumstance which Shakspeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this passage. I believe the word *contrary*, in his time, was frequently accented on the second syllable, and that it was intended to be so accented here. So Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen* :

"That with the wind *contráry* courses sew." MALONE.

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty  
cause<sup>4</sup>

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord<sup>5</sup> ! why, did you not  
provoke me ?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings<sup>6</sup>, to be at-  
tended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life :

And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law ; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect<sup>7</sup>.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadest not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

<sup>4</sup> —I had mighty cause—] The old copy, more redundantly  
—"I had a mighty cause." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> HAD NONE, my lord!] Old copy—*No had.* Corrected by  
Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> It is the curse of kings, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's  
case, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots, and so must have been  
inserted long after the first representation. WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court  
to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary.  
The Queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, I believe,  
before he had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —advis'd RESPECT.] i. e. deliberate consideration, reflection.  
So, in *Hamlet*:

"——— There's the *respect*  
That makes calamity of so long life." STEEVENS.

Quoted<sup>a</sup>, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
 This murder had not come into my mind :  
 But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
 Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
 Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;  
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,——

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head<sup>a</sup>, or  
 made a pause,  
 When I spake darkly what I purposed ;  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face<sup>1</sup>,  
 And bid<sup>2</sup> me tell my tale in express words ;

<sup>a</sup> Quoted,] i. e. observed, distinguished. So, in *Hamlet* :

"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment  
 I had not *quoted him*." STEEVENS.

See vol. iv. p. 369, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words*, would have *struck him dumb*: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words ;] That is, such an eye of doubt as bid me tell my tale in express words. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> AND bid—] The old copy reads—*As bid*. For the present emendation I am answerable.

Mr. Pope reads—*Or bid me*, &c. but *As* is very unlikely to have been printed for *Or*.

As here *As* printed instead of *And*, so, *vice versâ*, in King Henry V. 4to. 1600, we find *And* misprinted for *As*:

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break  
off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in  
me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to  
name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.\*

"And in this glorious and well foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry." MALONE.

\**As*, in ancient language, has sometimes the power of—as for instance. *Sb.* in *Hamlet* :

"*As*, stars with trains of fire," &c.

In the present instance it seems to mean, *as if*. "Had you (says the King, speaking elliptically,) turned an eye of doubt on my face, *as if* to bid me tell my tale in express words," &c. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen* :

"That with the noise it shook *as if* it would fall ;"  
i.e. *as if*.—I have not therefore disturbed the reading.

STEEVENS.

\* The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.] Nothing can be false than what Hubert here says in his own vindication ; for we find, from a preceding scene, "the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him," and that very deeply : and it was



And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to  
the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience !  
Forgive the comment, that my passion made  
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :  
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast<sup>4</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The Same.* Before the Castle.

*Enter Arthur, on the Walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high ; and yet will I leap  
down<sup>5</sup> ;

with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>4</sup> I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.] The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the King's despatch of Hubert on this message ; the second begins with " Enter Arthur," &c. as in the following scene. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>5</sup> The wall is high ; and yet I will leap down :] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit* ; and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without either mentioning the manner of it, or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—  
 There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,  
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
 I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :  
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—  
 Heayen take my soul, and England keep my bones !  
 [*Dies.*

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's  
 Bury :

It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;  
 Whose private with me <sup>6</sup>, of the Dauphin's love,  
 Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or, rather then set forward : for 'twill be  
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet<sup>7</sup>.

young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Whose private, &c.] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters.

POPE.

<sup>7</sup> —OR E'ER we meet.] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. before, and should be written (as it is still pronounced in Shropshire) *ore*. There the common people use it often.\* Thus, they say, *Ore to-morrow*, for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely argumentative.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd<sup>s</sup> lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;  
We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot.  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:  
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think,  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason  
now<sup>s</sup>.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er*, when joined with it, is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er* and must bear that signification. Thus, in the old tragedy of Master Arden of Feversham, 1599, quarto, (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakspeare,) the wife says :

"He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in."

Sig. H. iii. b. PERCY.

So, in All for Money, an old Morality, 1574 :

"I could sit in the cold a good while I swear,  
*Or* I would be weary such suitors to hear."

Again, in Every Man, another Morality, no date :

"As, *or* we departe, thou shalt know."

\* Again, in the interlude of The Disobedient Child, bl. l. no date :

"To send for victuals *or* I came away."

That *or* should be written *ore* I am by no means convinced. The vulgar pronunciation of a particular county ought not to be received as a general guide. *Ere* is nearer the Saxon primitive *eyf*. STEEVENS.

\* — distemper'd — ] i. e. ruffled, out of humour. So, in Hamlet :

"—in his retirement marvellous *distemper'd*."

STEEVENS.

\* —REASON now.] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

So, in Coriolanus :

"——*reason* with fellow  
Before you punish him." STEEVENS.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief ;  
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man  
else<sup>1</sup>.

*Sal.* This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur.*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and  
princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, 'as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a  
grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you  
beheld<sup>2</sup>,

Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think<sup>3</sup>?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see ? could thought, without this ob-  
ject,

Form such another ? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath<sup>4</sup>, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

<sup>1</sup> —no MAN else.] Old copy—no man's. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> HAVE YOU beheld.] Old copy—"You have," &c. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Or have you read, or heard? &c.] Similar interrogatories have been already urged by the Dauphin, Act III. Sc. IV. :

"——Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this ?" STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —WALL-EYED wrath.] So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Lucius, addressing himself to Aaron the Moor :

"Say, wall-ey'd slave." STEEVENS.

*Pemb.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:  
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet unbegotten sin of times<sup>6</sup>;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?—  
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king,—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world<sup>6</sup>,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,

<sup>6</sup> —of TIMES;] That is, of all future times. So, in King Henry V.:

"By custom and the ordinance of *times*."  
Again, in the Rape of Lucrece:

"For now against himself he sounds his doom,  
That through the length of *times* he stands disgrac'd."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors more elegantly read—*sins of time*; but the peculiarities of Shakspeare's diction ought, in my apprehension, to be faithfully preserved. MALONE.

I follow Mr. Pope, whose reading is justified by a line in the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet:

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of *time*?"  
Again, by another in this play of King John.

"I am not glad that such a sore of *time*—." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world;] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry.

By giving it the worship of revenge'.

*Pem. & Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.

' Till I have set a GLORY to this HAND,

By giving it the worship of revenge.] The *worship*, is the dignity, the honour. We still say *worshipful* of magistrates.

JOHNSON.

I think it should be—a glory to this *head*; pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. A *glory* is a frequent term:

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,"

says Mr. Pope: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this correction. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—“till I have famed and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul a deed.” *Glory* means *splendor* and magnificence in St. Matthew, vi. 29. So, in Markham's Husbandry, 1631, P. 353: “But if it be where the tide is scant, and doth no more but bring the river to a *glory*,” i. e. fills the banks without overflowing. So, in Act II. Sc. II. of this play:

“O, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in.”

A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Johnson's Catiline, who, Act IV. Sc. IV. says to Cethegus: “When we meet again we'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And *revenge*. That we may praise our *hands* once!” i. e. O! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. TOLLET.

I believe, at repeating these lines, Salisbury should take hold of the *hand* of Arthur, to which he promises to pay the worship of revenge. M. MASON.

I think the old reading the true one. In the next Act we have the following lines:

“——— I will not return,

Till my *attempt* so much be *glorified*

As to my ample hope was promised.”

The following passage in Troilus and Cressida is decisive in support of the old reading:

“——— Jove let Æneas live,

If to my *word* his fate be not the *glory*,

A thousand complete courses of the sun.” MALONE.

Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again<sup>a</sup>.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence<sup>b</sup> ;  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a noble-  
man ?

*Hub.* Not for my life : but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an Emperor. .

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so ;  
Yet, I am none<sup>c</sup> : Whose tongue soe'er speaks  
false,

Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-  
bridge.

<sup>a</sup> Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again,] i. e. lest it  
lose its brightness. So, in *Othello* :

" Keep up your bright swords ; for the dew will rust them."

MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> —true defence ;] *Honest* defence ; defence in a *good cause*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> Do not prove me so ;

Yet, I am none:] Do not make me a murderer, by com-  
pelling me to kill you ; I *am hitherto* not a murderer, JOHNSON.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron<sup>2</sup>,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell<sup>3</sup>.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-  
bridge ?

Second a villain, and a murderer ?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince !

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since left him well :  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum ;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse<sup>4</sup> and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

<sup>2</sup>—your TOASTING-IRON.] The same thought is found in King Henry V. : "I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though ? it will toast cheese."

Again, in Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, or the Tamer tamed :

"———dart ladles, *toasting irons*,  
And tongs, like thunder-bolts." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> That you shall think THE DEVIL IS COME FROM HELL.] So, in the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne* :

"And saide thai wer no men  
But *develis abroken oute of helle*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Like rivers of REMORSE—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*.



*Bast.* Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death.  
Art thou damn'd Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Bast.* Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;  
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer<sup>5</sup> :  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child<sup>6</sup>.

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown  
thyself<sup>7</sup>,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,

<sup>5</sup> Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :] So, in the old play :

" Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell  
Hangs on performance of this damned deed ;  
This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,  
Ensareth Satan chieftain of thy soul." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> There is not yet, &c.] I remember once to have met with a book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might have seen,) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world, is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup>—drown THYSELF.] Perhaps—*thyself* is an interpolation. It certainly spoils the measure ; and *drown* is elsewhere used by our author as a verb neuter. Thus, in King Richard III. :

"Good lord, methought, what pain it was to drown."

And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell wants pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.—  
I am amaz'd<sup>a</sup>, methinks ; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
How easy dost thou take all England up !  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble<sup>b</sup>, and to part by the teeth  
The unowed interest<sup>c</sup> of proud-swelling state.  
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :  
Now powers from home, and discontents at  
home,  
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits<sup>d</sup>  
( As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast, )

<sup>a</sup> I am AMAZ'D,] i. e. confounded. So, King John, p. 130, says :

"——I was amaz'd  
Under the tide." STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> To tug and SCAMBLE,] So, in K. Henry V. Sc. I. :

"But that the scrambling and unquiet time."

*Scamble* and *scramble* have the same meaning. See note on the passage quoted. STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> The UNOWED interest—] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the right to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

The imminent decay of wrested pomp<sup>2</sup>.  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture<sup>3</sup> can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child;  
 And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[ *Exeunt.*

### ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King John, Pandulph with the Crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory.

*Pand.*

Take again

[*Giving John the Crown.*

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word : go meet  
 the French;  
 And from his holiness use all your power  
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> The imminent decay of WRESTED POMF.] *Wrested pomp is greatness obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.

Rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup>—and CINCTURE—] The old copy reads—*center*, probably for *ceinture*. Fr. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup>—use all our power

To stop their marches, 'FORE we are inflam'd.] This cannot be right, for the nation was already as much inflamed as it could be, and so the King himself declares. We should read *for*, instead of *fore*, and then the passage will run thus :

Our discontented counties<sup>5</sup> do revolt ;  
 Our people quarrel with obedience ;  
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
 Rests by you only to be qualified.  
 Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,  
 That present medicine must be minister'd,  
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest  
 up,  
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :  
 But, since you are a gentle convertite<sup>6</sup>,

" ——— use all your power.

To stop their marches, *for* we are inflam'd ;  
 Our discontented counties do revolt," &c. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> —counties—] Perhaps *counties*, in the present instance, do not mean the divisions of a kingdom, but *lords*, *nobility*, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup>—a gentle CONVERTITE.] A *convertite* is a *convert*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

" *Gov.* Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened ?

*Bar.* No, governour ; I'll be no *convertite*." STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs in *As You Like It*, where Jaques, speaking of the young Duke, says :

"There is much matter in these *convertites*."

In both these places the word *convertite* means a *repenting sinner* ; not, as Steevens says, a *convert*, by which, in the language of the present time, is meant a person who changes ~~from~~ one religion to another ; in which sense the word can neither apply to King John, or to Duke Frederick : In the sense I have given it, it will apply to both. M. MASON.

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should now use *convert*) signified either one converted *to the faith*, or one reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr. M. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the latter word, "in the language of the present time, means a person that changes from ~~one~~ religion to another." But the question is, not what is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shakspeare's age. Marlow uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play asserted, in very

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit.

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the  
 prophet  
 Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
 My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :  
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;  
 But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds  
 out,  
 But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,  
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :  
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
 To offer service to your enemy ;  
 And wild amazement hurries up and down  
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me  
 again,  
 After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

strong terms, the supremacy of the king of England in all ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for "the Pope, or his *usurp'd* authority," having now made his peace with the "*holy church*," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second sense above-mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*. Duke Frederick, in *As You Like It*, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into neglect the pompous court :"

"——— out of these *convertites*

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd."

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

"He thence departs a heavy *convertite*." MALONE.

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets ;  
 An empty casket, where the jewel of life<sup>7</sup>  
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?  
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;  
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye :  
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;  
 Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
 Grow great by your example, and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution<sup>8</sup>.  
 Away, and glister like the god of war,  
 When he intendeth to become the field<sup>9</sup> :  
 Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
 What shall they seek the lion in his den,  
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble  
 there ?  
 O, let it not be said !—Forage, and run<sup>1</sup>

<sup>7</sup> AN EMPTY CASKET, where the JEWEL of life—] Dryden has transferred this image to a speech of Antony, in *All for love*:  
 "An empty circle, since the jewel's gone—" STEEVENS.

The same kind of imagery is employed in *King Richard II.*:

"A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.] So, in *Macbeth*:  
 "Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
 And meet it the hall together." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —to become the field:] So in *Hamlet*:  
 "—such a sight as this  
 Becomes the field." STEEVENS.

—FORAGE, and run—] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad. JOHNSON.

To meet displeasure further from the doors ;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. John.* The légate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him ;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league !  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive ? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread<sup>2</sup>,  
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away then, with good courage ; yet I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe<sup>3</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup>—Mocking the air with colours idly spread,] He has the same image in *Macbeth*.

"Where the Norweyan banners flout the Sky,  
And fan our people cold." JOHNSON.

From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated Ode :

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !  
Confusion on thy banners wait !  
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing  
They mock the air with idle state." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup>—Away then, with good courage ; yet, I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe,] "Let us then  
away with courage ; yet I so well know the faintness of our party,  
that I think it may easily happen that they shall encounter ene-  
mies who have more spirit than themselves." JOHNSON.

## SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance :  
Return the precedent<sup>5</sup> to these lords again ;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Faulconbridge means—  
'for all their boasting, I know very well that our party is able to  
cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than  
theirs.' Faulconbridge would otherwise dispirit the King, whom he  
means to animate. STEEVENS.

*Yet I know, is—still I know.* BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> —near St. Edmund's-Bury.] I have ventured to fix the  
place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors,  
on the following authorities. In the preceding Act, where Salisbury  
has fixed to go over to the Dauphin, he says :

"Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmund's-Bury*."

And Count Melun, in this last Act, says :

"——— and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at *St. Edmund's-Bury* ;  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity, and everlasting love."

And it appears likewise, from *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two Parts, (the first rough model of this play,) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the English barons was at *St. Edmund's-Bury*. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> —the PRECEDENT, &c.] i.e. the rough draught of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. Thus (adds Mr. M. Mason) in *King Richard III.* the scrivener employed to engross the indictment of Lord Hastings, says, "that it took him eleven hours to write it, and that the precedent was full as long a doing." STEEVENS.



Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
 A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
 To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,  
 I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
 By making many : O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker ; O, and there,  
 Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :  
 But such is the infection of the time,  
 That, for the health and physic of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—  
 And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends !  
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;  
 Wherein we step after a stranger march<sup>6</sup>  
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause<sup>7</sup>),  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colours here ?  
 What, here ?—O nation, that thou could'st re-  
   move !  
 That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> —after a STRANGER march—] Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. See the last scene, p. 149 :

“Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
 To *stranger* blood, to foreign royalty.”

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, vol. v. p. 190 :

“To seek new friends, and *stranger* companies.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —the SPOT of this enforced cause,] *Spot* probably means, *tain* or *disgrace*. M. MASON.

So, in a former passage :

“To look into the *spots* and stains of right.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —CLIPPETH thee about,] i. e. *embraceth*. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“Enter the city ; *clip* your wives.” STEEVENS.

And grapple thee<sup>o</sup> unto a pagan shore<sup>1</sup>;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly<sup>2</sup>!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought<sup>3</sup>,  
Between compulsion and a brave respect<sup>4</sup>!  
Let me wipe off this honorable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,

<sup>o</sup> And GRAPPLE thee—] The old copy reads—"And *cripple* thee, &c." Perhaps our author wrote *grippe*, a word used by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"That thrusts his *grippe* hand into her golden maw."

Our author, however, in *Macbeth*, has the verb—*grapple*: "*Grapples* thee to the heart and love of us—" The emendation (as Mr. Malone observes) was made by Mr. Pope.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup>—unto a PAGAN shore;] Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens, where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin were about to do. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And not to-spend it so unneighbourly.] Shakspeare employs, in the present instance, a phraseology which he had used before in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"And fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean-knight."

*To*, in composition with verbs, is common enough in ancient language. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations on this last passage, and many instances in support of his position, vol. viii. p. 164, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup>—hast THOU fought,] *Thou*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the transcriber or compositor, was inserted by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Between COMPULSION and a brave respect!] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion, (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. WARBURTON.

Being an ordinary inundation ;  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul<sup>6</sup>,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm :  
 Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
 Then never saw the giant world enrag'd ;  
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as  
 deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
 As Lewis himself :—so, nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake<sup>6</sup> :  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;

<sup>6</sup> This SHOWER, BLOWN UP BY TEMPEST of the soul,] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece :

" This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrow's tide—" MALONE.

<sup>6</sup>—an angel SPAKE:] Sir T. Hanmer, and, after him, Dr. Warburton, read here—" an angel *speaks*," I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him ; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, " at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel." JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now said*, an angel spake ; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of right to our cause. MALONE.

This thought is far from a new one. Thus, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis* :

" Hem thought it sowned in her ere,  
 As though that it an angell were." STEEVENS.

And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France !  
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome :  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars.  
Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land',  
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,

\* You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,] This was the phraseology of Shakspere's time. So again, in King Henry IV. Part II. :

"He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou the shadow of succession."

Again, in Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, vol. ii. p. 927 :  
"— in 4. R. 2. he had a release from Rose the daughter and heir of  
Sir John de Arden before specified, of all her interest to the manor of  
Pedimore." MALONE.

After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
 And, now it is half-conquer'd must I back,  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action? is't not I,  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?<sup>8</sup>  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, no, on my soul<sup>9</sup>, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> — as I have BANK'D THEIR TOWNS?] & "Bank'd their towns" may mean, 'throw up entrenchments before them.'

The old play of King John, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as she sailed along the banks of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

"——from the hollow holes of Thamesis  
 Echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*  
 From thence along the wanton rolling glade,  
 To Troynovant, your fair metropolis."

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> No, on my soul,] In the old copy, *no*, injuriously to the measure, is repeated. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —DREW this gallant head of war,] i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

"And that his friends by deputation could not  
 So soon be *drawn*." STEEVENS.

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook<sup>2</sup> conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the BASTARD, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :—  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties ;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well :—Now hear our English king ;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd ; and reason too<sup>3</sup>, he should :  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> —outlook—] i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity. In a former scene of this play, p. 151, we have :

“ — outface the brow

Of bragging horror.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — and reason too,] Old copy—to. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> This UNHAIR'D sauciness, and boyish troops,] The printed copies—*unheard* ; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here ; besides, let us observe how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprise, savouring of youth and indiscretion ; the result of childishness, and unthinking rashness ; and he seems altogether to, well on this character of it, by calling his preparation “ boyish troops, dwarfish war, pigmy arms, &c.” which, according to my emendation, sort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* sauciness.

THEOBALD.

*Hair* was formerly written *hear*. Hence the mistake might

The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 From out the circle of his territories.  
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your  
     door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch<sup>5</sup>;  
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells<sup>6</sup>;  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow<sup>7</sup>,

easily happen. Faulconbridge has already, in this Act, p. 152, exclaimed:

"Shall a *beardless* boy,  
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields?"

So, in the fifth Act of Macbeth, Lenox tells Cathness that the English army is near, in which, he says, there are—

"—— many *unrough* youths, that even now  
 Protest their first of manhood."

Again, in king Henry V.:

"For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing *hair*, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?"

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — take the hatch:] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phrase. Chapman has more than once employed it in his version of Homer. Thus, in the 22d Iliad:

"—— *take* the town; retire, dear son, &c."

Again, *ibid*:

"—— and *take* the town, not tempting the rude field."

—— *ἵσπερ χιὸν ῥιλιχός, — τίλιχός 'εἰς τὸν ἰών.*

STEEVENS.

So, in Massinger's Fatal Dowry, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and ditch,  
 Feed in my neighbour's pastures." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — in CONCEALED wells:] I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, used *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded concealment and protection to those who took refuge there.

MALONE.

"Concealed wells" are wells in concealed or *obscure* situations; viz. in places *secured from public notice*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — of your nation's crow,] Mr. Pope, and some of the sub-

Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;—  
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?  
 No : Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;  
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers<sup>a</sup>,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :  
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;  
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
 Their neelds to lances<sup>b</sup>, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in  
 peace ;

We grant, thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a brabblor.

*Pand.*

Give me leave to speak.

sequent editors, read—*our* nation's crow ; not observing that the Bastard is speaking of John's achievements in *France*. He likewise reads, in the next line—*his* voice ; but *this* voice, *the* voice or *caw* of the *French* crow, is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

"——*your* nation's crow," i. e. at the crowing of a cock ; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman. DOUCE.

<sup>a</sup> —like an eagle o'er his *AIERY* towers,] An *aiery* is the nest of an eagle. So, in King Richard III. :

"Our *aiery* buildeth in the cedar's top." STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> Their *NEELDS* to lances,] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."

Fairfax has the same contraction of the word—*neelds*.

STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *neeld's*, but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *neelds*, as it is frequently written in old English books. Many dissyllables are used by Shakespeare and other writers as monosyllables, as *whether*, *spirit*, &c. though they generally appear at length in the original editions of these plays. MALONE.



*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither :—  
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will  
cry out ;

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)  
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death\*, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger  
out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not  
doubt. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

The Same. A Field of Battle.

*Alarums.* Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.\*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us ? O, tell  
me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear : How fares your majesty ?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so  
long,

---

\* A bare-ribb'd death,] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:  
"Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn."

Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field ;  
And send him word by me, which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead<sup>1</sup>, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort ; for the great supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard<sup>2</sup> but even now :  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me ! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.—  
Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Same.

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;

<sup>1</sup> —Swinstead,] i.e. *Swineshead*, as I am informed by Mr. Dodd, the present vicar of that place. *REED.*

<sup>2</sup> —for the great SUPPLY—

ARE wreck'd.—] *Supply* is here, and in a subsequent passage in Scene V. p. 360, used as a noun of multitude. *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> —Richard —] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge* ;—and yet the King, a little before, (Act III. Sc. II.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. *STEEVENS.*

The King calls him familiarly by his old name of Philip, but the messenger could not take the same liberty. *MALONE.*

If they miscarry; we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left  
the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and  
sold<sup>4</sup>;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> — bought and sold;] This expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play has been used. It is used again in King Richard III.:

"Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,  
For Dickon, thy master, is *bought and sold*." MALONE.

It is used also in King Henry VI. Part I. Act IV. Sc. IV. and in The Comedy of Errors, Act III. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> UNTHREAD the rude EYE ~~of~~ rebellion,] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* the eye of a needle? And besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion, without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the way, paths, steps, &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald reads—*untread*; but Shakspeare, in King Lear, uses the expression, "*threading* dark ey'd night;" and Coriolanus says:

"Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
They would not *thread* the gates."

This quotation, in support of the old reading, has also been adduced by Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

Some one, observing on this passage, has been idle enough to suppose that the eye of rebellion was used like the eye of the mind, &c. Shakspeare's metaphor is of a much humbler kind. He was evidently thinking of the "eye of a needle." UNDO

And welcome home again discarded faith.  
 Seek out King John, and fall before his feet ;  
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
 He means<sup>a</sup> to recompense the pains you take,  
 By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,  
 And I with him, and many more with me,  
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury ;  
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible ? may this be true ?

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
 Retaining but a quantity of life ;  
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?  
 What in the world should make me now deceive,  
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?  
 Why should I then be false ; since it is true  
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth ?  
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
 Behold another day break in the east :

( says Melun to the English nobles ) what you have done ; desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged. In Coriolanus we have a kindred expression :

" They would not *thread the gates*."

Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye*. He means, in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> HE means—] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech : " If Lewis do win the day—"

MALONE.

<sup>c</sup>—even as a FORM OF WAX

RESOLVETH, &c. ] i. e. dissolveth. So, in Hamlet :

" Thaw and *resolve* itself into a dew." MALONE.

This is said in-allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes, that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, " that they had devised " an imago of wax," representing the king, which, by their sorcerie, by little and little consumed, intending thereby, in confusion, to waste and destroy the king's person." STEEVENS.

But even this night,—whose black contagious  
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expre ;  
Paying the fine of rated treachery<sup>8</sup>,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman<sup>9</sup>,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight ;  
And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course<sup>1</sup>,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erloo'kd,  
And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—  
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;

<sup>8</sup>—RATED treachery,] It were easy to change *rated* to *hated*, for an easier meaning, but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay, JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> For that my grandsire was an Englishman,] This line is taken from the old play, printed in quarto, in 1591. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Leaving our RANKNESS and irregular course,] *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant*, *ready to overflow* : as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *impetuous*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Rain added to a river that is rank,

Perforce will force it overflow the bank.” MALONE

For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Right in thine eye<sup>2</sup>.—Away, my friends ! New  
 flight ;  
 And happy newness<sup>3</sup>, that intends old right.  
 [*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.]

SCENE V.

The Same. The French Camp. \*

*Enter LEWIS and his Train.*

*Lew.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loath  
 to set ;  
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,  
 When the English measur'd<sup>4</sup> backward their own  
 ground,  
 In faint retire : O, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;  
 And would our tattering<sup>5</sup> colours clearly up,

<sup>2</sup> RIGHT in thine eye.] This is the old reading. *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete. Some commentators would read—*right*, i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, "*Fight* in thine eye." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — happy NEWNESS, &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> When the English MEASUR'D—] Old copy—When *English* measure, &c. Corrected by Mr. POPE MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — tatter'd—] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads, *tottering*.

JOHNSON.

*Tattering*, which, in the spelling of our author's time, was *tottering*, is used for *tatter'd*. The active and passive participles are employed by him very indiscriminately. MALONE.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost peculiar to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598 :

Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* where is my prince, the Dauphin ?

*Lew.* Here :—What news ?

*Mess.* The count Melun is slain ; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off :  
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

*Lew.* Ah, foul shrewd news !—Beshrew thy very heart !

I did not think to be so sad to-night,  
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,  
King John did fly, an hour or two before .

The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?

*Mess.* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

*Lew.* Well ; keep good quarter<sup>e</sup>, and good care to-night ;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

" This tottered ensign of my ancestors."

Again :

" As doth this water from totter'd robes."

Again, in The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601 :

" I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave

My totter'd colours in this worthless air."

I read—*tatter'd*, an epithet which occurs again in King Lear and Romeo and Juliet. Of *tattering* (which would obviously mean *tearing to tatters*) our author's works afford no parallel.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens says there is no parallel for this phraseology in our author's works ; but see his own note on *all-obeying*, in Antony and Cleopatra, vol. xii. p. 326, n. 8. BOSWELL.

<sup>e</sup>—keep good QUARTER,] i. e. keep in your allotted posts or stations. So, in Timon of Athens :

" ——— not a man

Shall pass his quarter." STEEVENS.

## SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

*Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.*

*Hub.* Who's there ? speak, ho ! speak quickly,  
or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend :—What art thou ?

*Hub.* Of the part of England.

*Bast.* Whither dost thou go ?

*Hub.* What's that to thee ? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine ?

*Bast.* Hubert, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought<sup>7</sup> :  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well :  
Who art thou ?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt : an if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance ! thou, and eyeless  
night<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>7</sup>—PERFECT thought:] i. e. a well-informed one. So, in Cymbeline :

"I am perfect ;  
That the Pannonians," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup>—thou, and EYELESS night,] The old copy reads—*endless*.

STEEVENS.\*

We should read *eyeless*. So, Pindar calls the moon, *the eye of night*. WARBURTON.

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's English Arcadia, 1607 :

"O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death !"

Again, in Gower, De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 102, b. :

"The daie made ende, and *lost* his sight,

And comen was the darke night,

The whiche all the daies *eye* blent." STEEVENS.



Have done me shame :—Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,\*  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come ; sans compliment, what news  
abroad ?

*Hub.* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of  
night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this ill news ;  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk<sup>o</sup> :  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil ; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. With Pindar our author had certainly no acquaintance ; but, I believe, the correction is right. Shakspeare has, however, twice applied the epithet *endless to night*, in King Richard II. :

"Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of *endless night*."

Again :

"My oil-dry'd lamp—  
Shall be extinct with age and *endless night*."

But in the latter of these passages a natural, and in the former, a kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the present passage the epithet *endless* is inadmissible, because, if understood literally, it is false. On the other hand, *eyeless* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is also supported by our author's Rape of Lucrece :

"Poor grooms are *eightless* night ; kings, glorious day."

MALONE.

\* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first, who relates it in his Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever. MALONE.

Than if you had at leisure known of this<sup>1</sup>.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the lords are all come  
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company<sup>2</sup>;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty.

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty  
heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power! —  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> ——— that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,

Than if you had AT LEISURE known of this.] It appears to me,  
that *at leisure* means *less speedily, after some delay.* M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> Why, know not,? the lords, &c.] Perhaps we ought to point  
thus:

“Why know you not, the lords are all come back,  
And brought prince Henry in their company?”

## SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

*Enter Prince HENRY<sup>3</sup>, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*P. Hen.* It is too late ; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly<sup>4</sup>, and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-  
house,)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE.*

*Pem.* His highness yet doth speak ; and holds  
belief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him,

*P. Hen.* Let him be brought into the orchard  
here.—  
Doth he still rage? *[Exit BIGOT.]*

*Pem.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

*P. Hen.* O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,  
In their continuance<sup>5</sup>, will not feel themselves.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

<sup>3</sup> — PRINCE HENRY.] This prince was only nine years old when his father died. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Is touch'd CORRUPTIBLY ;] i. e. *corruptively*. Such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in his Rape of Lucrece :

"The Romans *plausibly* did give consent—."

i. e. with acclamations. Here we should now say—*plausively*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> In THEIR continuance,] I suspect our author wrote—"In *thy* continuance." In his Sonnet the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity*. Bacon uses the word in that sense. MALONE.

Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now  
Against the mind<sup>6</sup>, the which he pricks and  
woulds  
With many legions of strange fantasies ;

<sup>6</sup> Leaves them **INVISIBLE** ; and his siege is now

Against the mind,] As the word *invisible* has no sense in this passage, I have no doubt but the modern editors are right in reading *insensible*, which agrees with the two preceding lines :

“—— fierce extremes,  
In their continuance, *will not feel themselves*.  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them *insensible* : his siege is now  
Against the mind,” &c.

The last lines are evidently intended as a paraphrase, and confirmation of the two first. M. MASON.

*Invisible* is here used adverbially. Death, having glutted himself with the ravage of the almost wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds, from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisibly*; that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot *precisely* mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins; or, in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, *in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady*, begins to be disturbed. Our poet, in his *Venus* and *Adonis*, calls Death, "*invisible commander*."

Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in the present scene.

Our author has, in many other passages in his plays, used adjectives adverbially. So, in *All's Well That Ends Well*: "Was it meant *damnably* in us," &c. Again, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*: "—ten times more *dishonourable* ragged than an old faced *ancient*." See vol. x. p. 438, n. 7, and *King Henry IV. Act IV. Sc. II.*

Mr. Rowe reads—*her* siege—, an error derived from the corruption of the second folio. I suspect, that this strange mistake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded, or followed, by any English poet :

**"The painful family of *Death*,  
More hideous than their *queen*."**

The old copy, in the passage before us, reads—Against the *wind*; an evident error of the press, which was corrected by Mr. Pope, and which I should scarcely have mentioned, but that it justifies an emendation made in *Measure for Measure*, [vol. ix. p. 72,

Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,

---

n. 2,] where, by a similar mistake, the word *flawes* appears in the old copy instead of *flames*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads :

"Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them *invisible*;" &c.

As often as I am induced to differ from the opinions of a gentleman whose laborious diligence in the cause of Shakspeare is without example, I subject myself to the most unwelcome part of editorial duty. Success, however, is not, in every instance, proportionable to zeal and effort; and he who shrinks from controversy, should also have avoided the *vestibulum ipsum, primasque fauces*, of the school of Shakspeare.

Sir Thomas Hanmer give us—*insensible*, which affords a meaning sufficiently commodious. But, as *invisible* and *insensible* are not words of exactest consonance, the legitimacy of this emendation has been disputed. It yet remains in my text, for the sake of those who discover no light through the ancient reading.

Perhaps (I speak without confidence) our author wrote—*invincible*, which, in sound, so nearly resembles *invisible*, that an inattentive compositor might have substituted the one for the other.—All our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) agree that *invincible*, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc.II. was a misprint for *invisible*; and so (*vice versa*) *invisible* may here have usurped the place of *invincible*. \*

If my supposition be admitted, the Prince must design to say, that Death had battered the royal outworks, but, seeing they were *invincible*, quitted them, and directed his force against the mind. In the present instance, the King of Terrors is described as a besieger, who, failing on his attempt to storm the bulwark, proceeded to undermine the citadel. Why else did he change his mode and object of attack?—The Spanish ordnance sufficiently *preyed* on the ramparts of Gibraltar, but still left them *impregnable*.—The same metaphor, through not continued so far, occurs again in Timon of Athens :

"——— Nature,  
To whom all sores lay *siege*."

Again, in All's Well That Ends Well :

"——— and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady  
That does my life *besiege*."

Mr. Malone, however, gives a different turn to the passage before us; and leaving the word *siege* out of his account, appears to represent Death as a gourmand, who had satiated himself with

Confound themselves'. 'Tis strange, that death  
should sing.—

the King's body, and took his intellectual part by way of change of provision.

Neither can a complete acquiescence in the same gentleman's examples of adjectives used adverbially, be well expected; as they chiefly occur in light and familiar dialogue, or where the regular full-grown adverb was unfavourable to rhyme or metre. Nor indeed are these docked adverbs (which perform their office, like the wick's rat, "without a tail,") discoverable in any solemn narrative like that before us. A portion of them also might be no other than typographical imperfections; for this part of speech, shorn of its termination, will necessarily take the form of an adjective.—I may subjoin, that in the beginning of the present scene, the adjective *corruptible* is not offered as a *locum tenens* for the adverb *corruptibly*, though they were alike adapted to our author's measure.

It must, notwithstanding, be allowed, that adjectives employed adverbially are sometimes met with in the language of Shakspeare. Yet, surely, we ought not (as Polonius says) to "crack the wind of the poor phrase," by supposing its existence where it must operate equivocally, and provoke a smile, as on the present occasion.

That Death, therefore, "left the outward parts the King *invisible*," could not, in my judgment, have been an expression hazarded by our poet in his most careless moment of composition. It conveys an idea too like the helmet of Orcus, in the fifth Iliad<sup>o</sup>, Gadshill's "receipt of fern-seed," Colonel Feignwell's *moros musphonon*, or the consequences of being bit by a *Seps*, as was a Roman soldier, of whom says our excellent translator of Lucan,

"— none was left, no least remains were seen,  
No marks to show that ones a man had been."†

Besides, if the outward part (i. e. the body) of the expiring monarch was, in plain, familiar, and unqualified terms, pronounced to be *invisible*, how could those who pretended to have just *seen* it expect to be believed? and would not an audience, uninitiated in the mystery of adverbial adjectives, on hearing such an account of the royal carcase, have exclaimed, like the Governor of Tilbury Fort, in The Critic:

"— thou canst not see it,"  
Because 'tis *not in sight*.,

But I ought not to dismiss the present subject, without a few words in defence of Mr. Gray, who had authority somewhat more

\* Δῶν "Αἴδος ἀνέην ΜΗ ΜΙΝ ΙΔΟΙ 'ὁ ββίμως " Ἀργε.

† Rewe, book ix. 1. 1334.

I am the cygnet<sup>s</sup> to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;

decisive than that of the persecuted second folio of Shakspeare, for representing *Death* as a *Woman*. The writer of the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, was sufficiently intimate with Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, Phædrus, Statius, Petronius, Seneca the dramatist, &c. to know that they *all* concurred in exhibiting *Mors* as a *Goddess*. Thus Lucan, lib. vi. 600 :

Elysias resera sedes, *ipsamque vocatam*,  
Quos petat è nobis, *Mortem* tibi coge fateri.

Mr. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, p. 281, (I refer to a book of easy access,) has produced abundant examples in proof of my assertion, and others may be readily supplied. One comprehensive instance, indeed, will answer my present purpose. Statius, in his eighth *Thebaid*, describing a troop of ghastly females who surrounded the throne of Pluto, has the following lines :

Stant furie cingum, *variaque ex ordine Mortes*,  
Sævaque multisonas exercet Pœna catenas.

From this group of personification, &c. it is evident, that not merely *Death*, as the source or principle of mortality, but each particular kind of death, was represented under a feminine shape. For want therefore, of a corresponding masculine term, Dobson, in his Latin version of the second *Paradise Lost*, was obliged to render the terrific offspring of Satan, by the name of *Hades* ; a luckless necessity, because *Hades*, in the 964th line of the same book, exhibits a character completely discriminated from that of *Death*.

For the satisfaction of English antiquaries, let me add, that in an ancient poem (which in point of versification resembles the pieces of Longland) there is a contest for superiority between *our Lady Dame Life*, and the *ugly fiend Dame Death*.

Milton himself, however, in his second *Elegy*, has exhibited *Death* not only as a *female*, but as a *queen* :

Magna sepulchrorum *regina*, satelles Averni,  
Sæva nimis, Musis, Palladi sæva nimis.

See Mr. Warton's note on this passage. Consult also Milton's third *Elegy*, v. 16 :

*Mors fera*, Tartareo *diva* secunda Jovi.

Again, In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis :

*Mors atra* noctis *filia*.

Dryden, likewise, in his *Indian Queen*, Act II. Sc. I. has attributed the same sex to *Death* :

"—The gods can but destroy ;  
The noblest way to fly, is that *Death* shows ;  
I'll court *her* now, since victory's grown coy."

Were I inclined to be sportive, (a disposition which comments—

And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sat.* Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are  
born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude\*.

tors should studiously repress,) might I not maintain, on the strength of the foregoing circumstances, that the editor of the folio 1632, (far from being an ignorant blunderer,) was well instructed in the niceties of Roman mythology ; and might not my ingenious fellow-labourer, on the score of his meditated triumph over Mr. Gray, be saluted with such a remark as reached the ear of Cadmus ?——

—— Quid, Agenore nate, peremptum

Serpentem spectas ? et tu spectabere serpens.

Fashionable as it is to cavil at the productions of our Cambridge poet, it has not yet been discovered that throughout the fields of classic literature, even in a single instance, he had mistook his way. STEEVENS.

\* With many legions of strage FANTASIES ;

Which, in their THRONG and PRESS to that last hold,

CONFOUND THEMSELVES.] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece :

"Much like a *press* of people at a door,  
*Throng his inventions*, which shall go before."

Again, in King Henry VIII. :

"—— which forced such ways,  
that many maz'd *considerings did throng*,  
And *press* in, with this caution." MALONE.

"—— in their *throng* and *press* to that last hold." In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. JOHNSON.

\* I am the CYNET—] Old copy—*Symant.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

\* — YOU ARE BORN

To set a form upon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.] A description of the Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid :

Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles. *Met. i.*

WHALLEY.

"Which Chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap :—

No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the *shapeless* world  
did view." *Golding's Translation*, 1587. MALONE.



*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN in a Chair.*

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment ; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*P. Hen.* How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill-fare<sup>1</sup> ;—dead, forsook,  
cast off :

And none of you will bid the winter come<sup>2</sup>,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw<sup>3</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> Poison'd,—ill-fare ;] Mr. Malone supposes *are* to be here used as a dissyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, &c. But as this word has not concurring vowels in it, like *hour*, or *fair*, nor was ever dissyllabically spelt (like *fire*) *faer* ; I had rather suppose the present line imperfect, than complete it by such unprecedented means.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Wife for a Month*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;] Decker, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, has the same thought : "—the morning waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosome."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled *The Great Frost, Cold Doings, &c.* in London, 1608 : "The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms." STEEVENS.

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus :

"Philip, some drink. 'O, for the frozen Alps  
To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,  
That rageth as a furnace seven-fold hot."

There is so strong a resemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expression, between the passage before us and the following lines in two of Marlowe's plays, that we may fairly suppose them to have been in our author's thoughts :

"O, I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep  
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast  
And made a frost within me." *Last's Dominion.*

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you  
much<sup>4</sup>,

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait<sup>5</sup>,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*P. Hen.* O, that there were some virtue in my  
tears,

That might relieve you !

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* O' I am scalded with my violent motion  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set mine  
eye :  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;

Again :

" O, poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,  
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,  
To cool and comfort me with longer date.

*Tamburlaine*, 1591.

Lust's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by Francis Kirkman, a bookseller. It must, however, have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —[I do not ask you much.] We should read, for the sake of metre, with Sir T. Hanmer—"I ask not much." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —so STRAIT.] i. e. narrow, avaricious ; an unusual sense of the word. STEEVENS.

And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty<sup>1</sup>.

*Bast.* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :  
For, in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood<sup>2</sup>.

[*The King dies.*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an  
ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay !

*Bast.* Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge ;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers ? Show now your mended  
faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :

<sup>1</sup> And MODULE of confounded royalty.] *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were, in our author's time, only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype ; and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a *representation*. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1606 :

" Dear copy of my husband ! O let me kiss thee !

(*Kissing a picture.*

" How like him is this *model* ? " MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Were in the washes, all unwarily, (&c.) This untoward accident really happened to King John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems, you know not then so much as we :  
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already ;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal :  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so :—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*P. Hen.* At Worcester must his body be interr'd\* ;  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land !  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services\*  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

\* At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;] A stone coffin, containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. STEEVENS.

"In crastino Sancti Lucæ Johannes Rex Angliæ in castro de Newark obiit, et sepultus est in ecclesia Wigorniensis inter corpora sancti Oswaldi et sancti [Wolstani]. *Chron. sive Annal. Prioratus de Dunstaple*, edit. a Th. Hearne, tom. i. p. 173. GREY.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would give you<sup>1</sup> thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs<sup>2</sup>.—  
This England never did, (nor never shall,)  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us  
rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true<sup>3</sup>. [*Exeunt*<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — that would give you—) *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added, for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — let us pay the time but needful woe,

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.) Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long in a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only *pay* her what is her due. MALONE.

I believe the plain meaning of the passage is this:—‘As previously we have found sufficient cause for lamentation, let us not waste the present time in superfluous sorrow.’ STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> If England to itself do rest but true.) This sentiment seems borrowed from the conclusion of the old play :

“If England’s peers and people join in one,  
Nor pope, nor France, nor Spain, can do them wrong.”

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

“— of itself  
England is safe, *if true within itself*.”

Such also was the opinion of the celebrated Duc de Rohan :  
“L’Angleterre est un grand animal qui ne peut jamais mourir s’il nesetue lui mesme.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare’s conclusion seems rather to have been borrowed from these two lines of the old play :

“*Let England live but true within-itself,*  
And all the world can never wrong her state.” MALONE.

“Brother, brother, we may be both in the wrong.” This sentiment might originate from A Discourse of Rebellion, drawn—

forth for to warne the Wanton Wittes how to kepe their Heads on their shoulders, by T. Churchyard, 12mo. 1570 :

" O Britayne bloud, marke this at my desire—  
If that you sticke together as you ought  
This lyttle yle may set the world at nought."

STEEVENS.

The sentiment may be traced still higher: Andrew Borde, in his *Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, bl. l. printed for Copland, sig. A 4, says, "They (i. e. the English) fare sumptuously; God is served in their churches devoutly but treason and deceit amonge them is used craftyly, the more pitie, *for if they were true wythin themselves they nede not to feare although al nacions were set against them*, specialli now consydering our noble prince (i. e. Henry VIII.) hath and dayly dothe make noble defences, as castells," &c.

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633 :

"yet maugre all, if we *ourselves* are true,

*We may despise what all the earth can do.*" REED.

<sup>4</sup> The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

JOHNSON.



THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,  
WITH THE  
CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:  
COMPREHENDING  
**A Life of the Poet,**  
AND  
AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,  
BY  
THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.  
*WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.*

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ΤΗΣ ἑΤΕΡΗΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜ  
ΑΠΟΒΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. *Vet Auct. apud Suidam.*

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**VOL. I.—COMEDIES.**

EDITED  
WITH A LIFE OF MALONE,  
BY  
BA'NIMA'DHABA GHOSHA.

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**MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

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## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.] The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should, however, be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*. &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shown at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers."—"These plays," says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) "are goode and sweete plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treasury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the same year. It could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed. The old song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*\* and the ballad intituled. *The murtherous Lyfe and terrible Death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedy on the same subject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May, 1594. STEEVENS.

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\* In Venice town not long ago,  
A cruell Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on USURIE,  
As Italian writer tell,

The story was taken from an old translation of *The Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare has closely copied some of the language : an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*—The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones *without*, and

---

Gernutus called was that Jew,  
Which never thought to die :  
Nor ever yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a Barrow-hog,  
That liveth many a day :  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay,

Or like a filthy heape of Dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard,  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the Usurer,  
He cannot sleepe in rest :  
For fear the thief will him pursue,  
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poor :  
His mouth is almost full of meal,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

With in that Citie dwelt that time,  
A Merchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed, in his need  
unto Gernutus came,

Desiring him to stand his friend,  
For twelve month and a day,  
To lend to him an hundred Crownes,  
And he for it would pay

within full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that he deserveth.* The second vessel was made of fine *silver*, filled with earth and worms; the superscription was thus: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of *lead*, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie; *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him.*—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuses the *lead*en vessel.

In a MS. of Lidgate, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. Askew, I find a *Tale of Two Merchants of Egypt* and of *Baldad ex Gestis Romanorum*. Leland, therefore, could not be the original author, as Bishop Tanner suspected. He lived a century after Lidgate. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, Of the Bond, is in ch. xlvi, of the copy which I chuse to

Whatsoever he would demand of him,  
And Pledges he should have.  
No (quoth the Jew with frowning looks)  
Sir ask what you will have.

No penny for the loan of it,  
For one year you shall pay:  
You may do me as good a turn,  
Before my dying day:

But we will have a merry jest,  
For to be talked long:  
You shall make me a Bond (quoth he)  
That shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeiture,  
Of your own flesh a pound:  
If you agree, make you the Bond,  
And here is a hundred Crowns.

And this is a specimen of the material out of which was created  
shy lock!

E. M.

refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. N. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his flesh* for nonpayment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge, *the knight's mistress*, disguised, *in forma viri* *U* *vestimentis pretiosis induta*, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—" *conventionem meam volo habere*.—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus. Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium super his quæ vobis dixerō.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per literam nisi quod mercator habeat potestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, *sine sanguinis effusione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, *Res contra eum actionem habet*. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem noon effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abscessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caskets*, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuisti. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM suit *de auro purissimo* & lapidibus pretiosis exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit*. SECUNDUM vas erat de argento puro & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra; & exterius erat subscriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit*. TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum lapidibus pretiosis interius *U* *gemmis nobilissimis*; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus disponit*. Ista tria ostendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis. The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the leaden, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "Bona puella, bene elegisti—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caskets*, Shakspeare might take from the English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed ; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone* ; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novellist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.<sup>1</sup>

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DUKE OF VENICE.

PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }  
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } *Suitors to PORTIA.*

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of VENICE:*

BASSANIO, *his Friend.*

SALANIO,<sup>2</sup> }  
SALARINO, } *Friends to ANTONIO and BASSANIO.*  
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, *in love with JESSICA.*

SHYLOCK, *a JEW:*

TUBAL, *a JEW, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to SHYLOCK.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to LAUNCELOT.*

SALERIO,<sup>3</sup> *Messenger from VENICE.*

LEONARDO, *servant to BASSANIO,*

BALTHAZAR, }  
STEPHANO, } *Servants to PORTIA.*

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*

NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to SHYLOCK.*

*Magnificoes of VENICE, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at VENICE, and partly at BELMONT,  
the Seat of PORTIA, on the Continent.*

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<sup>1</sup> In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio, Salino, and Solanio.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;  
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn ;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>4</sup> with portly sail,—

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<sup>4</sup> — *argosies* —] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*," i.e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Ragusans* lent their last great ship to the King of Spain for the Armada, and it was lost on the coast of Ireland. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragazine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*.  
STEEVENS.

Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,<sup>5</sup>  
 Or, as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
 That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
 The better part of my affections would  
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
 Plucking the grass,<sup>6</sup> to know where fits the wind ;  
 Peering<sup>7</sup> in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;  
 And every object, that might make me fear  
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
 Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
 But I should think of shallows and of flats ;  
 And see my wealthy Andrew<sup>8</sup> dock'd in sand,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *burghers of the flood.*] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read—"burghers *on* the flood," though a parallel passage in *As you like it*—

"—native burghers of this desolate city," might have led to the present correction. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Plucking the grass, &c.*] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

"This way I used in shooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a *lyttle light grasse*, and so learned how the wind stood." *Ascham.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Peering*—] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads —*prying*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Andrew* —] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *dock'd in sand,*] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,<sup>1</sup>  
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
 And see the holy edifice of stone,  
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ?  
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;  
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,  
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad ?  
 But, tell not me ; I know, Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year :  
 Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

<sup>1</sup> Vailing her high top lower than her ribs, ] In Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616, to *vail*, is thus explained : " It means to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission." So, in Stephen Gosson's book, called *Plays confuted in several Actions* :

" They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

It signifies also—to *lower*, to let down. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 60 :

" They *avaled* the brigge and lete them yn."

Again, (as Mr. Douce observes to me,) in *Hardynge's Chronicle* :

" And by th' even their sayles *avaled* were set."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :

" I'll *vail* my crest to death for her dear sake."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1613, by Heywood :

" ——— it did me good

To see the Spanish carveil *vail* her top  
 Unto my mayden flag."

A *carvel* is a small vessel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607. STEVENS.

*Salan.* Why then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fye, fye!

*Salan.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,

Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy  
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,<sup>2</sup>  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,<sup>3</sup>  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,<sup>4</sup>  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble  
kinsman,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well ;  
We leave you now with better company.

<sup>2</sup> — *Now, by two-headed Janus,* ] Here Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed Janus* is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus ; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of Antiques : and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge of the antique : and so does Taylor the water-poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> — *peep through their eyes,* ] This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> — *their teeth in way of smile,* ] Because such are apt enough to show their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?  
Say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : Must it be so ?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[ *Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio,<sup>5</sup> since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you : but, at dinner time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio ;  
You have too much respect upon the world :  
They lose it,<sup>6</sup> that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

<sup>5</sup> *My lord Bassanio, &c.* ] This speech [ which by Mr. Rowe and subsequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*, ] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies : and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their exit at the close of the preceding speech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Bassanio*, till he should find Antonio,) prepares now to leave Bassanio to his business ; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a conversation with *Antonio*. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this judicious correction, by restoring the speech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — lose it,] All the ancient copies read—*lose* ; a misprint, I suppose, for the word standing in the text. STEEVENS.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,<sup>7</sup>  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool:<sup>8</sup>  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream<sup>9</sup> and mantle, like a standing pond ;  
And do a wilful stillness<sup>1</sup> entertain,

<sup>7</sup> *A stage, where every man must play a part.*] The same thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593 :

" A worldling here, I must hie to my grave ;  
For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,  
A borrowde rounce where we our pageants play,  
A scaffold plaine, &c."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II :

" She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she *played* a part against her will." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me play the Fool :*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces ; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *There are a sort of men, whose visages*

*Do cream*—] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itself over milk in scalding ; and he had the same appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line :

" With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

So, also, the author of *Buffy d'Ambois* :

" Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces." HENLEY.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *a wilful stillness*—] i. e. an obstinate silence. MALONE.

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*<sup>2</sup>  
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,<sup>3</sup>  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
 Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.<sup>5</sup>

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time :

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

<sup>2</sup> — *let no dog bark* /] This seems to be a proverbial expression. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy 1540: "— nor there shall *no dogge bark* at mine ententes," STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — who, *I am very sure*,] The old copies read—*when*, I am very sure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *would almost damn those ears*,] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *dawnt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this: That some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *I'll end my exhortation after dinner*,] The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who, being generally very long and tedious; were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner. WARBURTON.



*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>6</sup>

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now ?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice : His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

<sup>6</sup> — *for this gear.*] In Act II. sc. ii. the same phrase occurs again : "If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for *this gear*." This is a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determined import. STEEVENS.

So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591 : "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away ; you shall be stript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I say no more." Again, in Nashe's Epistle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593 : "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have about with him, with two staves and a pike, *for this geare*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Is that any thing now?*] All the old copies read, *is that any thing now?* I suppose we should read—*is that any thing new?* JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading is—Does what he has just said amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio asks : *Is that any thing now?* and Bassanio answers, that *Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing*,—the greatest part of his discourse is *not any thing*.

TYRWHITT.

So, in *Othello* : "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifest error of the press, read—*It is that*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

*Ant.* Well ; tell me now, what lady is this same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>8</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance :  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gaged : To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one  
shaft,

<sup>8</sup> — *a more swelling port* &c.] *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance. Thus, in the first *Iliad*, as translated by Chapman, 1611 :

“ — all the gods receiv'd,  
( All rising from their thrones ) their sire ; attending to his court  
None sate when he rose ; none delaid, the furnishing his *port*,  
Till he came neare : all met with him and brought him to his throne.”

' STEEVENS.

I shot his fellow<sup>9</sup> of the self-same flight  
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
 To find the other forth ; and by advent'ring both,  
 I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,  
 Because what follows is pure innocence.  
 I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,<sup>1</sup>  
 That which I owe is lost : but if you please  
 To shoot another arrow that self way  
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well ; and herein spend but  
 time,

<sup>9</sup> — *when I had lost one shaft,*

*I shot his fellow &c.]* This thought occurs also in Decker's *Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, &c.* 4to. bl. 1: "And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prison weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him : he shot a second arrow to find the first." I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no less than eight editions ; the last in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. STEEVENS.

This method of finding a lost arrow is prescribed by P. Crescentius in his *Treatise de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii, and is also mentioned in *Howel's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183, edit. 1655, 12mo. DOUCE.

<sup>1</sup> — *like a wilful youth,]* This does not at all agree with what he had before promised, that what followed should be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulness* is not quite so *pure*. We should read — *witless*, i. e. heedless ; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his case, of a school-boy ; who, for want of *advised watch*, lost his first arrow, and sent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time past and present. He has formerly lost his money like a *wilful* youth ; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without disguising his former faults, or his present designs. JOHNSON.

To wind about my love with circumstance ;  
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,  
 In making question of my uttermost,  
 Than if you had made waste of all I have :  
 Then do but say to me what I should do,  
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
 And I am prest unto it :<sup>2</sup> therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
 Of wond'rous virtues ; sometimes from her eyes<sup>3</sup>  
 I did receive fair speechless messages :  
 Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued  
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.  
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;  
 For the four winds blow in from every coast  
 Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks

<sup>2</sup> — prest unto it : ] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Pret*, fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 :

"What must be, must be ; Cæsar's *prest* for all."  
 Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618 :

• "—— your good word  
 Is ever *prest* to do an honest man good."

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593 :

"Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,  
 Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call."

I could add twenty more instances of the word being used with this signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — sometimes from her eyes—] So all the editions ; but it certainly ought to be, *sometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *some time ago*, at a certain time : and it appears by the subsequent scene, that Bassanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and saw Portia in her father's life-time.

THEOBALD.

It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old English, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*sometimes* fellow of such a college."  
 FARMER.

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;  
Nor have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do ;  
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is ; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are : And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing : It is no mean happiness therefore, to be

seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,<sup>4</sup> but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions : I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree : such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband :—O me, the word choose ! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father :—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations ; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

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<sup>4</sup> — *superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity sooner acquires white hairs ; becomes old. We still say, How did he come by it ? MALONE.

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.<sup>5</sup>

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ;<sup>6</sup> and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself : I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Palatine.<sup>7</sup>

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose* : he hears

5 — *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakspeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship ; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the same praise. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time : "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of horsemanship ; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting." MALONE.

6 *Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ;*] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. iii. See also Vol. VII. p. 54. JOHNSON.

7 — *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almost inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained ; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

*County* and *count* in old language were synonymous.—The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

merry tales, and smiles not : I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker ; But, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine : he is every man in no man : if a throstle<sup>8</sup> sing, he falls straight a capering ; he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands : If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England ?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ;<sup>9</sup> and you will come into the

<sup>8</sup> ——— if a throstle—] Old copies—*trassel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“The *throstle* with his note so true—.” MALONE.

That the *throstle* is a distinct bird from the *thrush*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. IV. p. 400. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ;] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON



court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture;<sup>1</sup> But, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord,<sup>2</sup> his neighbour ?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able : I think, the Frenchman became his surety,<sup>3</sup> and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German,<sup>4</sup> the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

<sup>1</sup> — *a proper man's picture ;*] *Proper is handsome.* So, in *Othello* :  
 " This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Scottish lord,*] *Scottish*, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to King James's countrymen.  
 TEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *I think, the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakspeare's time the Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made Knight of the Garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket : for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords ; they have acquainted me with their determinations : which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit ; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now ! what news ?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave : and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco ; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition<sup>s</sup> of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Venice. *A public Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me ? Will you pleasure me ? Shall I know your answer ?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

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<sup>s</sup> ——— *the condition*—] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello* : —and then, of so gentle a *condition* !” MALONE.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no ;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient : yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad : But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves ; I mean, pirates ; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ;—three thousand ducats ;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me : May I speak with Antonio ?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into :<sup>6</sup> I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

<sup>6</sup> — the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into :] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakespeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*SHY.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian :  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>1</sup>  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,  
Even there were merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him !

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear ?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store ;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me : But soft ; How many months  
Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;  
[ *To* ANTONIO.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking, nor by giving of excess,

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<sup>1</sup> *If I can catch him once upon the hip,*] This, Dr. Johnson observes, is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers ; and (he might have added) is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See *Gen.* xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,<sup>8</sup>  
 I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd,<sup>9</sup>  
 How much you would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.  
 Well then, your bond ; and, let me see,—But  
 hear you ;

Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
 Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
 This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
 (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)  
 The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him ? did he take interest ?

*Shy.* No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,  
 Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.  
 When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
 That all the eanlings' which were streak'd and pied,  
 Should fall as Jacob's hire ; the ewes, being rank,  
 In the end autumn turned to the rams :

<sup>8</sup> — *the ripe wants of my friend.*] *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*ripe wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

*Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So, afterwards :

"But stay the very *ripening* of the time." MALONE.

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

"Here is a brief how many sports are *ripe*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *possess'd*] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in *Twelfth-Night* :  
 "Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *the eanlings* —] Lambs just dropt : from *ean*, *eniti*. MUSGRAVE.

And when the work of generation was  
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
 The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, in the doing of the deed of kind,<sup>3</sup>  
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes ;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *certain wands*,] A *wand* in our author's time was the usual term for what we now call a *switch*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *of kind*,] i. e. of nature. So, Turberville, in his book of *Fulconry*, 1575, p. 127 :

"So great is the curtesy of *kind*, as she ever seeketh to recompense any defect of hers with some other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf* :

"— nothing doth so please her mind,

As to see mares and horses *do their kind*." COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the fulsome ewes*,] *Fulsome*, I believe, in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. The same epithet is bestowed on the night, in *Acolastus his Aften-Witte*. By S. N. 1600 :

"Why shines not Phœbus in the *fulsome* night?"

In the play of *Mulcasses the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome* a *Band* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th Book of the *Odyssey*.

"— and fill'd his *fulsome* scrip," &c.

Again, in the dedication to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 63 :

"— noisome or *fulsome* for bad smells, as butcher's slaughter houses," &c.

It is likewise used by Shakspeare in *King John*, to express some quality offensive to nature :

"And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587 :

"Having a strong sent and *fulsome* smell, which neither men nor beasts take delight to smell unto."

Again, *ibid* :

"Boxe is naturally dry, juicelesse, *fulsomely* and loathsomely smelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B XV :

"But what have you poore sheepe misdome, a cattel meek and meeld,

"Created for to manteine man, whose *fulsome* dugs doe yeeld

"Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
 Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.<sup>5</sup>  
 This was a way to thrive,<sup>6</sup> and he was blest ;  
 And thrift is blessing, if mén steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;  
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
 Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams ?

*Shy.* I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :<sup>7</sup>—  
 But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
 The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.<sup>8</sup>  
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,

Minsheu supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

5 ——— and those were Jacob's.] See *Genesis*, xxx. 37, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This was a way to thrive, &c.*] So, in the ancient song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

"His wife must lend a shilling,  
 For every week a penny,  
 Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,  
 If that you will have any.  
 And see, likewise, you keepe your day,  
 Or else you lose it all :  
 This was the living of the wife,  
 Her cow she did it call."

Her cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury. PERCY.

7 ——— *I make it breed as fast :*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets ;  
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The devil can cite scripture &c.*] See *St. Matthew*, iv. 6. HENLEY.



Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;  
 O, what a goodly outside falshood hath !<sup>9</sup>

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my monies, and my usances :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *O, what a goodly outside falshood hath !*] *Falshood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — my usances :] *Use* and *usance* are both words anciently employ'd for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. So, in *The English Traveller*. 1633 :

Give me my *use*, give me my principal."

Again :

"A toy ; the main about five hundred pounds,

And the *use* fifty." STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson asks, whether Mr. Steevens is not mistaken in saying that *use* and *usance*, were anciently employed for *usury*. "*Use* and *usance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *interest* ; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense." That Mr. Steevens however, is right respecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation : "I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thousand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnyng still upon usurie and double usurie, the merchants termyng it *usance* and *double usance*, by a more clenly name he did owe to master usurer five thousand pound at the last, borowyng but one thousande pounde at first, so that his land was cleane gone, beyng five hundred pounde inherytance, for one thousand pound in money, and the usurie of the same money for so fewe yeres ; and the man now beggeth." *Wylson on Usurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

*Usance*, in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense :

"He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
 The rate of *usance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a subsequent part, he says, he will take "no *doit* of *usance* for his monies." Here it must mean *interest*. MALONE.

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;<sup>2</sup>  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit<sup>3</sup> upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :  
 Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock*,<sup>4</sup> *we would have monies* ; You say so ;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.  
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money ? is it possible,*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? or*  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this,—

<sup>2</sup> *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug* ;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633 :

"I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
*Heave up my shoulders* when they call me *dogge*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And spit* — ] The old copies always read *spet*, which spelling is followed by Milton :

"——— the womb  
 Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled : *Caleb Shillocke, his Prophecie ; or the Jewes Prediction*. London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;  
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time  
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?)<sup>s</sup>  
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;  
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm !  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show :—

<sup>s</sup> *A breed for barren metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this ; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. *WARBURTON.*

*Dr. Warburton* very truly interprets this passage. *Old Meres* says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature ; nature hath made them *sterill* and *baren*, usurie makes them *procreative*." *FARMER.*

The honour of starting this conceit belongs to *Aristotle*. See *De Repub. Lib. I.* *HOLT WHITE.*

Thus both the quarto printed by *Roberts*, and that by *Heyes*, in 1600. The folio has—*a breed of.* *MALONE.*

Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.<sup>6</sup>

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians  
are ;

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :  
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;  
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

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<sup>6</sup> — dwell in my necessity.] To dwell seems in this place to mean the same as to continue. To abide has both the senses of habitation and continuance. JOHNSON.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>7</sup>  
Of an unthriftly knave ; and presently  
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms,<sup>8</sup> and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on ; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day.  
[*Exeunt.*

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<sup>7</sup> — *left in the fearful guard &c.*] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* *terrors*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ A mighty and a *fearful* head they are.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco,<sup>9</sup> and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.<sup>1</sup>  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant;<sup>2</sup> by my love; I swear,  
The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

<sup>9</sup> — *the Prince of Morocco.*] The old stage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditional sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lilyliver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are said to have *lips as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milksoop*. JOHNSON.

It is customary in the east for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the sight of their mistresses. See *Habits du Levant*, pl. 43, and Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*, Vol. VII. p. III. HARRIS.

<sup>2</sup> *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes :  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :  
 But, if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedg'd me by his wit,<sup>3</sup> to yield myself  
 His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
 For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you ;  
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
 That slew the Sophy,<sup>4</sup> and a Persian prince,  
 That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—  
 I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,  
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
 To win thee, lady : But, alas the while !  
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
 Which is the better man, the greater throw

<sup>3</sup> *And hedg'd me by his wit,*] I suppose we may safely read—and *hedg'd me by his will*. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient signification of *wit*, was sagacity, or power of mind, I have not displaced the original reading. See our author, *passim*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That slew the Sophy, &c.*] Shakspeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The Prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakspeare had never *entangled himself with geography* worse than in the present case. If the Prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of Sultan *Solymán* (*the second*, for instance,) I see no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Persia. See D'Herbelot in *Solymán Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;<sup>5</sup>  
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
 And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance ;  
 And either not attempt to choose at all,  
 Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
 Never to speak to lady afterward  
 In way of marriage ; therefore be advis'd.<sup>6</sup>

*Mor.* Nor will not ; come, bring me unto my  
 chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple ; after dinner  
 Your hazard shall be made.

<sup>5</sup> *So is Alcides beaten by his page ;*] The ancient copies read—his *rage*.  
 STEEVENS.

Though the whole set of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenomed shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains ; this one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation I have substituted, *page* instead of *rage*. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *therefore be advis'd.*] Therefore be not precipitant ; consider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III.*

" — who in my wrath

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd*?" STEEVENS.



*Mor.* Good fortune then ! [*Cornets.*  
To make me bless't,<sup>7</sup> or curs'd'st among men.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*<sup>8</sup>

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master : The fiend is at mine elbow ; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away* : My conscience says,—no ; take heed honest *Launcelot* ; take heed, honest *Gobbo* ; or, as aforesaid, honest *Launcelot Gobbo* ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels ? Well, the most courageous fiend

<sup>7</sup> —— *bless't,*] i. e. blessed'st. So, in *King Richard III.*

<sup>11</sup> —harmless't creature ;" a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickshire.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone* ; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at most of his entrances or exits.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— scorn running with thy heels :] Launcelot was designed for a wag, but perhaps not for an absurd one. We may therefore suppose, no such expression would have been put in his mouth, as our author had censured in another character. When Pistol says, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *he hears with ears*? why it is affectations." To talk of running with one's heels, has scarce less of absurdity. It has been suggested, that we should read and point the passage as follows : "Do not run ; scorn running ; *with* thy heels :"<sup>9</sup> i. e. connect them with a *with*, ( a band made of osiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries, to prevent their straggling far from home. The Irishman in *Sir John Odcastle*

bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens;*<sup>c</sup> *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son*,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not; budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be

petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman, in his version of the tenth *Odyssey*, has the following passage:

"— There let him lie  
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply  
A *withe*, a fathom long, with which his feete  
I made together in a sure league meete."

I think myself bound, however, to add, that in *Much Ado about Nothing*, the very phrase, that in the present instance is disputed, occurs:

"O illegitimate construction! I scorn that *with my heels*;" i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuously at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such also may be Launcelot's meaning. STEEVENS.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—"Use your legs; take the start; run away." MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — *away!* says the fiend, for the heavens;] As it is not likely that Shakespeare should make the Devil<sup>d</sup> conjure Launcelot to do any thing for Heaven's sake, I have no doubt but this passage is corrupt, and that we ought to read:

"*Away!* says the fiend, for the *haven*,"

By which Launcelot was to make his escape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

— *away!* says the fiend, for the heavens;] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "So I deliver up my apes, [to the devil,] and *away* to St. Peter, for the heavens." MALONE.

ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark ! ) is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself : Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew : The fiend gives the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old GOBBO,<sup>2</sup> with a Basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you ; which is the way to master Jew's ?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not :—I will try conclusions<sup>3</sup> with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

<sup>2</sup> *Enter old Gobbo,*] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *hump-back*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — try conclusions—] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“ — since favour  
Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try conclusions*.”

Again, in the *Lancashire Witches*, 1634 :

“ Nay then I'll *try conclusions* :  
Mare, Mare, see thou be,  
And where I point thee, carry me.” STEEVENS.

So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions*. MALONE.

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand,<sup>4</sup> at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties,<sup>5</sup> 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

"— ubi eas præterieris,  
Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,  
Ita ad dextram: priusquam ad portam venias, &c." THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> — *God's sonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date:

"*God's santie*, this is a goodly book indeed."

Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *saints*; or, as Mr. Ritson observes to me, by his *sanctity*. Oaths of such a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irre-mediabie corruptions. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.*] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we should read *Gobbo* instead of *Launcelot*; and observes, that phraseology like this occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"— your servant, and *Costard*." STEEVENS.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you ; Talk you of young master Launcelot ?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot ; talk not of master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased ; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop ?—Do you know me, father ?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman : but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul !) alive, or dead ?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father ?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son : Give me your blessing :<sup>7</sup> truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may ; but, in the end, truth will out.

---

— *and Launcelot, sir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot ; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *Give me your blessing :*] In this conversation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up ; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.<sup>8</sup>

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that : but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man ; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *your child that shall be.* ] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So, afterwards :—"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critic supposes : "he means to say, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *shall ever be* your *son*." But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides, if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, shall be his *son* ?

MALONE.

Launcelot may mean, that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus, says the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV : I will redeem my character :

"And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that *I am your son*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *my thill-horse*—] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or wagon. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632 :

"—— I will  
Give you the fore-horse place, and I will be  
I' the *fills*."

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present ; How 'gree you now ?

*Laun.* Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground : my master's a very Jew ; Give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famish'd in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come ; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune ! here comes the man ;—to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so ;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock : See these letters deliver'd ; put the liveries

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Thomas Heywood and W. Rowley : “—acquaint you with Jock the fore-horse, and Fib the *fil-horse*, &c.” STEEVENS.

All the ancient copies have *phil-horse*, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in some counties for the proper term, *thill-horse*. MALONE.

See Christie's *Catalogue* of the effects of F— P—, Esq. 1794. p. 6, lot 50 : “Chain-harness for two horses, and *phil* harness for two horses.”

STEEVENS.

*Phil* or *fill* is the term in all the midland counties,—*thill*, would not be understood. HARRIS.

to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship !

*Bass.* Gramercy ; Would'st thou aught with me ?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins :

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship ; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both ;—What would you ?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit :



Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well : Go, father with thy son :—

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire  
My lodging out :—Give him a livery

[*To his Followers.*

More guarded<sup>1</sup> than his fellows' : See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in :—I cannot get a service, no ;  
—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well ; [*Looking on his palm,*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book<sup>2</sup>—I

<sup>1</sup> — more guarded —] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perfeda*, 1599 :

"*Piston.* But is there no reward for my false dice ?

*Erastus.* Yes, sir, a guarded suit from top to toe."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615 :

"—turn my ploughboy Dick to two guarded footmen." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Well ; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.*] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shown, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well, says he, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a book.*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot :—*'I'll be sworn on a book she loves you :'* a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it."

MALONE.

shall have good fortune ;<sup>3</sup> Go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives : Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : and then, to 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection : *Well ; if any man in Italy have a fairer table ; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune—* i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promise*, but) *offer to swear* (and to swear upon a book too) *that I shall have good fortune.*—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken ; or, I'll be hanged, &c.* TYRWHITT.

3 *I shall have good fortune ;*] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators,) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the commentator or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have *no* good fortune. These words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows ; and begin a new sentence. Shakspeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well ; if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine—*[I am much mistaken :] should proceed in the same manner in which he began :—I shall have *no* good fortune ; go to ; here's a *simple* line of life ! &c. So, before : “I cannot get a service, *no* ;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head.” And afterwards : “Alas ! fifteen wives is *nothing*.” The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the same style : “Well, you have made a *simple* choice ; you know not how to choose a man ; Romeo ! *no*, *not* he ;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy,” &c. So also, in *King Henry IV* : “Here's *no* fine villainy !” Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V* : “Ha ! me have *no* good luck.” Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “We are *simple* men ; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling.”

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted.

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it ; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations ; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and judicious critic, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;<sup>4</sup>—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.  
[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this ;  
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,  
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master ?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.  
[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano !

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must ;—But hear thee  
Gratiano ;

---

<sup>4</sup> — *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;*] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure : "O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la point d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompu le Cou—," WARBURTON.

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they  
show

Something too liberal ;<sup>5</sup>—pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit ;<sup>6</sup> lest, through thy wild beha-  
viour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me :  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes.<sup>7</sup>  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen ;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent<sup>8</sup>  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*s Something too liberal ;]* Liberal I have already shown to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello* : " Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor ? "

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— allay with some cold drops of modesty

*Thy skipping spirit ;*] So, in *Hamlet* :  
 " Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

7 — hood mine eyes—] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604 :

"And like a *hooded hawk*," &c. STEEVENS.

8 ——— *sad ostent*—] Grave appearance ; show of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.<sup>9</sup>

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not  
gage me

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity ;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment : But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatic writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

" ——— you in those times  
Did not affect *ostent*."

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer, edit. 1598, B. VI :

" ——— did bloodie vapours raine  
For *sad ostent*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *your bearing*.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in *Twelfth-Night* :

" Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable *bearing*."

STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jes.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so ;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness :  
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :  
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,  
And so farewell ; I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—  
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Chris-  
tian do not play the knave, and get thee,<sup>1</sup> I am much

<sup>1</sup> ————*and get thee,*] I suspect that the waggish Launcelot designed this for a broken sentence—"and get thee"—implying, *get thee with child*. Mr. Malone, however, supposes him to mean only—*carry thee away from thy father's house*. STEEVENS.

I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word *get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and substituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentic editions ; in which he has been copied by every subsequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica : " Marry, you may partly hope your father got you not ;" but he is now on another subject. MALONE.

From the general censure expressed in the preceding note I take leave to exempt Mr. Reed ; who, by following the first folio, was no sharer in the inexcusable guilt of the second. STEEVENS.

deceived : But, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit ; adieu ! [Exit.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be asham'd to be my father's child !  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife ;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and  
SALANIO.*

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time ;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of touch-bearers.<sup>2</sup>

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Notwithstanding Mr. Malone charges the editor of the second folio so strongly with ignorance, I have no doubt but that—*did* is the true reading, as it is clearly better sense than that which he has adopted. Launcelot does not mean to foretell the fate of Jessica, but judges, from her lovely disposition, that she must have been begotten by a Christian, not by such a brute as Shylock : a Christian might marry her without playing the knave, though he could not beget her. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. We have not *spoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet bespoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke as yet."

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd ;

And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four a-clock ; we have two hours

To furnish us :—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this,<sup>3</sup> it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on,  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou ?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her ;—speak it privately ; go.—

Gentlemen, *[Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

---

<sup>3</sup> —to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. i :

" — Boyet, you can carve ;

*Break up* this carpon."

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.



*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt SALAR and SALAN.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all : She hath directed,  
How I shall take her from her father's house ;  
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest :  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*The same. Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy  
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—  
Why, Jessica, I say !

*Laun.* Why, Jessica !

*Shy.* Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth<sup>4</sup> to supper, Jessica;  
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.<sup>5</sup>—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,<sup>6</sup> at six o'clock i'the morning,

<sup>4</sup> *I am bid forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. MALONE.

That *bid* was used for invitation, may be seen in *St. Luke's* Gospel, ch. xiv. 24: "—none of those which were *bidden* shall taste of my supper." HARRIS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— to feed upon

*The prodigal Christian.*] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat, drink, nor pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— then it was for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last;] "*Black-Monday* is *Easter-Monday*, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that

falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What ! are there masques ? Hear you me,  
Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,<sup>7</sup>  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements ;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,

many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6.

GREY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose* : "As he stood gazing, *his nose on a sudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, 1640, Act I. sc. ii :

"How superstitiously we mind our evils ?  
The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a hare,  
*Bleeding at nose*, the stumbling of a horse,  
Or singing of a creket, are of power  
To daunt whole man in us."

Again, Act I. sc. iii :

"*My nose bleeds*. One that was superstitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance." REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,*]

"*Primâ nocte domum claudere ; neque in vias  
Sub cantu querulæ despice tibie.*" *Hor.* Lib. III. Od. vii.

MALONE.

It appears from hence, that the fifes, in Shakspeare's time, were formed differently from those now in use, which are straight, not *wry-necked*. M. MASON.

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :  
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;  
 Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—  
 Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;  
 There will come a Christian by,  
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye.<sup>8</sup> [*Exit LAUN.*

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,  
 ha ?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress ; nothing  
 else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough ;<sup>9</sup> but a huge  
 feeder,

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
 More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me ;  
 Therefore I part with him ; and part with him  
 To one that I would have him help to waste  
 His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;  
 Perhaps, I will return immediately ;  
 Do, as I bid you,

<sup>8</sup> *There will come a Christian by,*  
*Will be worth a Jewess' eye.*] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial  
 phrase. WHALLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *The patch is kind enough ;*] This term should seem to have come into  
 use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilson's *Art*  
*of Rhetorique*, 1553 : "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onoma-  
 topela, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from  
 the nature of things ;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlson, whom we see  
 to do a thing foolishly ; because these two in their time were notable  
 fools."

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was in allusion  
 to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the stage fool has ever  
 since been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilson speaks,  
 was Cardinal Wolsey's fool. MALONE.

Shut doors<sup>1</sup> after you : Fast bind, fast find ;  
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.  
*Jes.* Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
 Desir'd us to make stand.<sup>2</sup>

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
 For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly<sup>3</sup>  
 To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

*Gra.* That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast,  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

<sup>1</sup> *Shut doors* —] *Doors* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Desir'd us to make stand.*] *Desir'd us stand*, in ancient elliptical language, signifies—desired us *to stand*. The words—*to make*, are an evident interpolation, and consequently spoil the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly* —] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons.

JOHNSON.

Thus, Chapman, in his version of Homer's Catalogue of Ships, *Iliad* the second :

" ———, Thisbe, that for *pigeons* doth surpass — ;"

Mr. Pope, in more elegant language :

" ——— Thisbe, fam'd for silver *doves* —," STEEVENS.

Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker,<sup>4</sup> or a prodigal,  
The scarsed bark <sup>5</sup> puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !<sup>6</sup>  
How like the prodigal doth she return ;<sup>7</sup>  
With over-weather'd ribs,<sup>8</sup> and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

<sup>4</sup> —a younker,] All the old copies read—a *younger*.

But Rowe's emendation may be justified by Falstaff's question in *The First Part of King Henry IV*:—"I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a *younker* of me?" STEEVENS.

*How like a younker, or a prodigal,*

*The scarsed bark puts from her native bay, &c.*] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of allusion to the parable of the prodigal,) seems to have caught from this passage the imagery of the following:

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
Youth on the Prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repose*, however, was suggested by Thomson's—

"—deep fermenting tempest brew'd  
In the *grim* evening sky." HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> —scarsed bark—] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Yet the *scarfs* and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a *vessel* of two great burden." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —embraced by the strumpet wind/] So, in *Othello*:  
"The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —doth she return ;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *masculine* gender, otherwise the allusion wants somewhat of propriety. This indiscriminate use of the personal for the neuter, at least obscures the passage. A Ship, however, is commonly spoken of in the feminine gender.

STEVENSON.

<sup>8</sup> *With over-weather'd ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has *over-wither'd*. MALONE.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo ;—more of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait ;  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;<sup>9</sup>  
Here dwells my father Jew :—Ho ! who's within.

*Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed ;  
For who love I so much ? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much a'sham'd of my exchange :  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;

---

<sup>9</sup> *I'll watch as long for you then—Approach ;* ] Read, with a slight variation from Sir T. Hanmer :

"I'll watch as long for you. Come then, approach."

RITSON.

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no jew.<sup>1</sup>

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:  
For she is wife, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;

<sup>1</sup> *Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.*] A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*.

JOHNSON.

So, at the conclusion of the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"— So, good night kind *gentles*,  
For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

"Joseph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled: *The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman*." FARMER.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently swore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS.



And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
And therefore, like herself, wife, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

*[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there ?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio ?

*Ant.* Fye, fye, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?  
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—  
No masque to-night ; the wind is come about,  
Bassanio presently will go aboard :  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince :—  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription  
bears ;—

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
 The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt ;<sup>2</sup>—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
 How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince ;  
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,  
 I will survey the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
 Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?  
 This casket threatens : Men, that hazard all,  
 Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;  
 I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,  
 And weigh thy value with an even hand :

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
 Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough  
 May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet to be afeard of my deserving,

Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady :  
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;

---

<sup>2</sup> — as blunt ;] That is, as gross as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?—  
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
 Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :  
 From the four corners of the earth they come,  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
 The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
 For princes to come view fair Portia:  
 The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation,  
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross  
 To rib<sup>3</sup> her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold ?  
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon ;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *To rib*—] i. e. inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— *ribb'd* and paled in  
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *insculp'd upon* ; ] *To insculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never view'd*, 1682 :

“ ——— in golden text  
 Shall be *insculp'd*—”

But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,  
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

*Mor.* O hell ! what have we here ?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll ? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told :  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold :  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.*<sup>5</sup>

The meaning is, that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it. *TUTET.*

<sup>5</sup> *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus :

*Gilded timber do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made :

*Gilded wood may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote :

*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repository of a *death's-head*. *JOHNSON.*

The thought might have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I :

"But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood." *STEEVENS.*

*Tombs* (for such was the old spelling) and *timber* were easily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The construction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harsh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their Flies*, 4to. 1599, is this line :

"Before thou wast, were *timber-worms* in price." *MALONE.*

More than the ear, I think, would be offended on this occasion ; for how is it possible for worms that live bred within timber, to *infold* it ?

Dr. Johnson's emendation is supported by Shakspeare's 101 st. Sonnet :

*STEEVENS,*

"—— it lies in thee

To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb*." *MALONE.*

*Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscol'd :<sup>6</sup>  
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart  
 To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [*Exit.*]

*Por.* A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains,  
 go ;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so.<sup>7</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> Your *answer had not been inscol'd* :] Since there is an answer *inscol'd* or written in every casket, I believe for *your* we should read—*this*. When the words were written *yr* and *ys*, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *choose me so.* ] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no distribution of Acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deserve much care ; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second Act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

## SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.**Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;  
With him is Gratiano gone along ;  
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the  
duke ;  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail ;  
But there the duke was given to understand,  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :  
Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :  
*My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !  
Fled with a Christian ?—O my Christian ducats !—  
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !  
And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
Stol'n by my daughter !—Justice ! find the girl !  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd :  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;<sup>8</sup>  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :  
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me ;  
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you  
hear ;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :  
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
Of his return ; he answer'd—*Do not so,  
Slubber not<sup>9</sup> business for my sake, Bassanio,  
But stay the very riping of the time ;  
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not enter in your mind of love.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday ;* ] i. e. I conversed. So, in *King John* :

"Our griefs, and not our manners *reason* now."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the fourth Book of the *Odyssey* :

"The morning shall yield time to you and me,  
To do what fits, and *reason* actually." STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is used in the same sense. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *Slubber not* —] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1699 :

"—— they *slubber'd* thee over so negligently."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* ;

"I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing *slubber'd*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *your mind of love* : ] So, all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

*Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
As shall conveniently become you there :*  
And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,<sup>2</sup>  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>3</sup>

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

*Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. vii :

"*Quick*.——desires you to send her your little page, of *all loves*." i. e. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

*Your mind of love* may, however, in this instance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

"*A mind of treason* is a *treasonable mind*."

Those that speak freely, have no *mind of treason*." STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*

*Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.*] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——embraced *heaviness* —] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakspeare had written—*entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unusual sense. We say of a man now, *that he hugs his sorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heaviness*? JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, sc. i :

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."



With some delight or other.

*Salar,*

Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain<sup>4</sup>  
straight;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,  
PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoind by oath to observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii:  
"——doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraç'd despair."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——draw the curtain——] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old stage-direction in *King Henry VIII*: "The king *draws* the curtain, and sits reading pensively," STEEVENS.

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me :<sup>5</sup> Fortune now  
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath :*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha ! let me see :—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire.—That many may be meant<sup>6</sup>  
By the fool multitude,<sup>7</sup> that choose by show,

<sup>5</sup> *And so have I address'd me :*] To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that so seriously he doth address himself unto?"

STEEVENS.

I believe we should read :

"And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now,

To my heart's hope!"

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. scene the last, Falstaff says :—"I will then address me to my appointment."

TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> — *That many may be meant*—] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unnecessary to the sense and destroys the measure. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *That many may be meant*

By the fool multitude,] i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present,—"*Of the fool multitude*,"—which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors;—but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used.

So, in Plutarch's *Life of Cesar*, as translated by North, 1575 :—"he answered, that these fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; meaning that by Brutus and Cassius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Life of Edward the Fifth*;—Holinshed, p. 1374 :—"that meant he by the lords of the queen's kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the mart-  
let,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force \* and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump <sup>o</sup> with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves ;*

And well said too ; For who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit ! Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !

How many then should cover, that stand bare ?

How many be commanded, that command ?

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

---

&c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371 : "My lord, quoth lord Hastings, on my life, never doubt you ; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This meant he by *Catesby*, which was of his near secrete counsaile." i. e. by this he meant *Catesby*, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing some enigmatical verses, adds, "—the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how it was meant by a surr'd glove." i. e. a surr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again, *ibidem*, p. 161 : "Any simple judgement might easily perceive by whom it was meant, that is, by lady Elizabeth, Queene of England." MALONE.

\* — in the force—] i. e. the power. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* : "—in the force of his will." STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> — jump—] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. : "—and in some sort it jumps with my humour." STEEVENS.

From the true seed of honour ?<sup>1</sup> and how much  
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd ?<sup>2</sup> Well, but to my choice :

<sup>1</sup> *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour ?* The meaning is, *How much  
meanness would be found among the great, and how much great-  
ness among the mean.* But since men are always said to *glean*  
corn though they may *pick* chaff, the sentence had been more  
agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been  
written thus :

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd  
From the true seed of honour ? how much honour  
Glean'd from the chaff ?* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *how much honour  
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd ?* ] This confusion and mixture of the  
metaphors, makes me think that Shakspeare wrote :

*To be new vanned* —  
i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which  
is derived from the Latin *vannus, ventilabrum*, the *fan* used for  
winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration restores the  
metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uses the same  
thought. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV* :

“ We shall be *winnow'd* with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as *chaff*.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation proposed seems to me to be as faulty as unnecessary; for what is already *selected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned*. I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in some counties of England, is used to signify the second and inferior crop of grass which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forget to set down the name, when I transcribed the following passage :

“ — when we had taken the first crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rovens*.” The word occurs, however, both in the notes on Tusser, and in Mortimer. STEEVENS.

Steevens justly observes, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour,

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :*  
 I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,<sup>3</sup>  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
 there.

*Ar.* What's here ? the portrait of a blinking  
 idiot,

Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia ?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings ?

*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?

Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
 And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here ?

*The fire seven times tried this ;  
 Seven times tried that judgment is,  
 That did never choose amiss :  
 Some there be, that shadows kiss ;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :  
 There be fools alive, I wis,<sup>4</sup>  
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.*

---

mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be  
 new varnished. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,*] The words—for  
 this, which (as Mr. Ritson observed,) destroy the measure, should be  
 omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *I wis,*] I know. *Wissen*, German. So, in *King Henry VI :*

“ *I wis* your grandame had no worser match.”  
 Again, in the comedy of *King Cambyses :*

“ Yea, *I wis*, shall you, and that with all speed.”

Sidney, Ascham, and Waller, use the word. STEEVENS.

*Take what wife you will to bed,<sup>5</sup>*

*I will ever be your head :*

*So begone, sir,<sup>6</sup> you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here :

With one fool's head I came to woo,

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy ;—

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady ?

<sup>5</sup> *Take what wife you will to bed.*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *So begone, sir.*] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *to bear my wroth.*] The old editions read "to bear my wroath." *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune* ; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the miseries of another*. Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, &c. 1471, has frequent instances of *wroth*. Thus, also, in Chapman's version of the 22nd *Iliad* :

" — born to all the wroth,  
Of woe and labour."

The modern editors read—*my wrath*. STEEVENS.

*Por.* Here ; what would my lord ?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify the approaching of his lord :  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ;<sup>9</sup>  
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love :  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee ; I am half afeard,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit<sup>1</sup> in praising him. —  
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *Por.* *Here ; what would my lord ?*] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa* ?

TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> — regreets ;] i. e. salutations. So, in *K. John*, Act III. sc. i :

“ Unyoke this seizure, and this kind *regreet*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — high-day wit—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :  
“ —he speaks *holiday*.” STEEVENS.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,<sup>2</sup> or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil

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<sup>2</sup> —knapp'd ginger; ] To knap is to break short. The word occurs in *The Common Prayer*: "He knappeth the spear in sunder."  
STEVENS.



cross my prayer ;<sup>s</sup> for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock ? what news among the merchants ?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain ; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd ; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel !

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion ! rebels it at these years ?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and

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<sup>s</sup> ———my prayer ; ] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people made their own by saying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salario's* prayer, which as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

renish :—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, <sup>4</sup> who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; What's that good for ?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew : Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to

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<sup>4</sup> — a bankrupt, a prodigal,] This is spoke of Antonio But why a prodigal ? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal ; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him :

“ — I'll go in feed upon  
“ The prodigal Christian ”

But Antonio was a plain, reserved parsimonious merchant ; be assured, therefore, we should read a bankrupt for a prodigal, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without interest, “ for a christian courtesy,” was likewise a reason for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal.

EDWARDS.

the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? <sup>a</sup> if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house; and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SALAN. SALAR. and Servant.*]

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that;

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<sup>a</sup>——if you prick us, do we not bleed? Are not Jews made of the same materials as Christians? says Shylock; thus in Plutarch's *Life of Caesar*, p. 140, 4to, V. IV: "Caesar does not consider his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked."

"οὐδὲ ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων νογῶνται καὶ οὐδ' ἐπὶ σπητῶν μὲν ἀοχτεῖν."

and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so :—and I know not what's spent in the search : Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs, but o' my breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too ; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

*Tub.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God :—Is it true ? is it true ?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal ;—Good news, good news : ha ! ha ?—Where ? in Genoa !

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again : Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor;<sup>6</sup> I would not have given it for a wilderness of monnies.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tu-

<sup>6</sup> ———it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A turquoise is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this Ben Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus*;

"And true as *Turkies* in my dear lord's ring,  
Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in *The Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

"The *turkeese*, which who haps to wear,  
Is oft kept from peril."

Again, Edward Fenton, in *Secret Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to, 1669: "The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51, b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have presented *Shylock* with his turquoise for a better reason; as this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

The same qualities was supposed to be resident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"You may say jet will take up a straw, amber will make one fat,

"Coral will look pale when you be sick, and chrystal will stanch blood."

Thus, Holinshed, speaking of the death of King John: "And when the King suspected them (the pears) to be poisoned indeed, by reason that such precious stones as he had about him cast forth a certain sweat as it were bewracing the poison." &c.

STEVENS.

bal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will : Go, go, Tubal ; and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry ; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while ;  
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)  
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality :  
But lest you should not understand me well,  
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could reach you,  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;  
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn, Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;  
one half of me is yours, the other half yours,——  
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,  
And so all yours : ' O ! these naughty times

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' And so *all* yours : ] The latter word is here used as a dis-syllable. In the next line but one below, where the same word

Put bars between the owners and their rights ;  
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, <sup>8</sup>  
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. <sup>9</sup>  
 I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time ;  
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election,

*Bass.* Let me choose ;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack,

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love ;  
 There may as well be amity and life  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,]* It may be more grammatically read :

*And so though yours I'm not yours.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.]* The meaning is, "If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

<sup>1</sup>—*to peize the time,]* Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III.*:

"Lest leaden slumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it*. The modern editors read, without authority—*piece*.

STEEVENS

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, to *keep in suspense, to delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*:—"not speaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each syllable." HENLEY.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.—  
Nerissa, and the rest stand all aloof.—  
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice ;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in musick : that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;  
And what is musick then ? then musick is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
With no less presence,<sup>2</sup> but with much more love,  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster :<sup>3</sup> I stand for sacrifice,

<sup>2</sup> *With no less presence,]* With the same dignity of mien.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *To the sea-monster :]* See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199. et seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Destruction of Troy* :—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his greatness and his beauty." See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.



The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live :—With much much more dismay  
 I view the sight, than thou that mak'st the fray.<sup>4</sup>

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

## S O N G.

1. Tell me, where is fancy<sup>5</sup> bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply.<sup>6</sup>

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies :  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
 'T'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.  
 All. Ding, dong, bell.

<sup>4</sup> Live thou, I live :—With much much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.] One of  
 the quartos [Roberts's] reads :

*Live then, I live with much more dismay  
 To view the fight, than &c.*

The folio, 1623, thus :

*Live thou, I live with much more dismay  
 I view the fight than &c.*

Heyes's quarto gives the present reading. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup>—fancy—] i. e. Love. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's  
 Dream* :

“Than sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup>—Reply.] The words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late  
 editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verses in the song; but  
 in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

*Bass.*—So may the outward shows' be least themselves ;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,<sup>7</sup>  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it<sup>9</sup> with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice<sup>1</sup> so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars ;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,<sup>2</sup>  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,

<sup>7</sup> *So may the outward shows—*] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *gracious voice,*] Pleasing; winning favour.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *approve it—*] i. e. justify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — I am full sorry

That he *approves* the common liar, fame.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *There is no vice—*] The old copies read—*voice*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *valour's excrement,*] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, “pedler's *excrement*,” in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *by the weight;*] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchased So; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

Making them lightest that wear most of it :<sup>4</sup>  
 So are those crisped<sup>5</sup> snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.<sup>6</sup>  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Making them lightest that wear most of it :*] *Lightest* is here used in a wanton sense. So, afterwards :

"Let me be light, but let me not seem light."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *crisped*—] i. e. curled. So, in *The Philosopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton :

"Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *in the sepulchre*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence, of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled, *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashion-ed attire upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, *ibid*: "These attire-makers within these fortie years were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzio commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes;—and those women that used to wear them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *the guiled shore*—] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. So, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"Or only a fair show, to *guile* his mischiefs."

I should not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that some of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*.

To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty ; <sup>8</sup> in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on,  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man : <sup>9</sup> but thou, thou meager lead,  
 Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught  
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence, <sup>1</sup>  
 And here choose I : Joy be the consequence !

*Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Indian beauty* ;] Sir T. Hanmer reads :

——— *Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *thou pale and common drudge*

'*Tween man and man* :] So, in Chapman's *Hymnus in Nocturn*, 4to. 1594 :

" To whom *pale* day (with whoredome soaked quite)

Is out a *drudge*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence*,] The old copies read—*paleness*. STEEVENS.

Bassanio is pleased at the golden casket for its *gaudiness*, and the silver one for its *paleness* ; but what ! is he charmed with the Leaden one for having the very same quality that, displeased him in the silver ? The poet certainly wrote :

*Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence* :

This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness*, does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence* ; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the *leaden casket* :

" *This third, dull lead*, with warning all is blunt."

WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*,

" ——— Thou *stale*, and common drudge

'*Tween man and man*.'—

The *paleness* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,"

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy !  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rain thy joy, <sup>2</sup> scant this excess ;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

Says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax's *Tasso*; we have—

"The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham* :

"Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any stone."

And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar* :

"—She blushed scarlet red,

Then straight again, as *pale* as *lead*."

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

"When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of fancy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleness moves me, &c.] Dr. W.'s objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to silver, that "*pale* and *common drudge*," *lead*, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation, MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *In measure rain <sup>Thy</sup> joy,*] The first quarto edition reads:

*In measure range thy joy.*

The folio, and one of the quartos :

*In measure raine thy joy.*

I once believ'd Shakspeare meant :

*In measure rein thy joy.*

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in these times distinguished by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the present reading only where the copies vary, some suspicion of error is always raised. JOHNSON.

Having frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I am also strongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the second instance quoted below by Mr. Steevens, is spelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raïne*. So, in *The Tempest*, edit. 1623 :

"—do not give dalliance

Too much the *raïne*." MARNE.

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well known proverb, *it cannot rain, but it pours*.

For fear I surfeit !

*Bass.*

What find I here ?<sup>3</sup>

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit ?<sup>4</sup> What demi-god

Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ — pour not too fast joys on me,  
But sprinkle them so gently, I may stand them.”

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *K. Henry IV.*  
P. I. confirms my sense of the passage :

“ — but in short space  
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on thy head,  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,” &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word. as it better agrees with the context ; and more especially on account of the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the present reading :

“ — being once chaf'd, he cannot  
— Be *rein'd* again to temperance.”

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii :

“ — *Rein* thy tongue.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *What find I here ?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Some monosyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of—*here* used as a dissyllable ; and even with such assistance, the verse, to the ear at least, would be defective. Perhaps our author designed Portia to say :

“ For fear I surfeit *me*,” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Fair Portia's counterfeit ?* *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604 : “ I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*.”

Again, (as Mr. M. Mason observes,) Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother :—

“ The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers.”

STEEVENS.

Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs

The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd : <sup>s</sup> Yet look, how far

<sup>s</sup> *Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd :*] Perhaps it might be ;  
*And leave himself unfurnish'd.* JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurnished* must mean “unfurnished with a companion, or fellow.” I am confirmed in this explanation, by the following passage in Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, where Alcidon says to Clarange, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarange accepts—

“——you are a noble gentleman,  
Will't please you bring a friend ; we are two of us,  
And pity, either of us should be *unfurnish'd*.”

M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's emendation would altogether subvert the poet's meaning. If the artist, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, should lose both his own, that eye which he had painted, must necessarily be *left unfurnished*, or destitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

*And leave itself unfurnish'd :*] i. e. and leave itself incomplete ; unaccompanied with the other usual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author seems to have considered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it* :—“he was *furnish'd* like a huntsman ;” i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntsman.

MALONE.

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's *History of Fair Bellora* ; afterwards published under the title of *A Pair of Turtle Doves, or the Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio*, bl. l. : “If Apelles had been tasked to have drawn her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lamps would have so dazzled his quick-seeing senses, that quite despairing to express with his cunning pensill so admirable a work of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfurnished*.”

A preceding passage in Bassanio's speech might have been suggested by the same novel.

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance. <sup>6</sup>—Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
 Chance as fair, and choose as true !  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content, and seek no new.  
 If you be well pleas'd with this,  
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
 Turn you where your lady is,  
 And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll ;—Fair lady, by your leave :

*Kissing her.*

I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt .  
 Whether those peals of praise <sup>7</sup> be his or no ;  
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;

*A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men : "What are our curled and crisped lockes, but snares and nets, to catch and entangle the hearts of gazers," &c. STEEVENS.*

<sup>6</sup>—*this shadow*

*Doth limp behind the substance.] So, in The Tempest :*

*"———she will outstrip all praise,*

*And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.*

<sup>7</sup>—*peals of praise—]* The second quarto reads—*pearles* of praise. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576 :

*"The pearles of praise that deck a noble name."*

Again, in R. C.'s verses in praise of the same author's *Rock of Regard* :

*"But that that bears the pearle of praise away."*

STEEVENS.



As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am : though, for my self alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish, \*  
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich :

That only to stand high on your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account : but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something ;<sup>8</sup> which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd : -  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn ;<sup>9</sup> and happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,

\* *Is sum of something ;*] We should read—some of something, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account ; which she explains in the following line WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads :.

*Is sum of nothing.*—

The purport of the reading in the text seems to be this :

“——the full *sum* of me——”

*Is sum of something*, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unlesson'd girl, &c.*

STEEVENS.

I should prefer the reading of the folio, as it is Portia's intention, in this speech, to undervalue herself. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *But she may learn ;*] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Till the reader has reconciled his ear to this dissyllabic pronunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—and a harmless monosyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the sake of obvious metre. STEEVENS.

As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,  
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
 Are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;  
 Which when you part from, lose or give away,  
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :  
 And there is such confusion in my powers,  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;  
 Where every something, being blent together,<sup>1</sup>  
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 Express'd, and not express'd : But when this ring  
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;  
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
 To cry, good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and lady !

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;  
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :<sup>2</sup>  
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
 Even at that time I may be married too.

---

<sup>1</sup>—*being blent together,*] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup>—*you can wish none from me :*] That is, none away from me ; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship; you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission<sup>s</sup>  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there ;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls :  
For wooing here, untill I sweat again ;  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love ; at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this ture, Nerissa ?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down ?

*Gra.* No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down——

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?  
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

<sup>s</sup>—for intermission—] *Intermission* is pause, intervening time, delay. So, in *Macbeth* :

"——gentle heaven

——Cut short all *intermission* !" STEEVENS.

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither ;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome :—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord ;  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour :—For my part my  
lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sal.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger ; bid her wel-  
come.  
Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?  
I know, he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. <sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>4</sup> *We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.*] So, in Abraham Fleming's *Rhyme Decasyllabical, upon this last luckie Voyage of worthie Capteine Frobisher, 1577:*



The paper as the body <sup>s</sup> of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio ?  
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

*Sale.* Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it : Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man :  
He plies the duke at morning, and at night ;  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice . twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all perswaded with him ;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear.

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,

<sup>5</sup> *The paper as the body*—] I believe the author wrote—*is* the body. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the first quarto edition of this play, Act IV; "Is dearly bought, *as mine*," &c. instead of—*is mine*.

**MALONE.**

The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper as the body," means—the paper resembles the body, is as the body. STEEVENS.

If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew ?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
Frist, go with me to church, and call me wife :  
And then away to Venice to your friend ;  
For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over ;  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :  
My maid Nerissa,\* and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :  
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer<sup>6</sup> ;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love your dear.—  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all  
miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is*

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<sup>6</sup>—cheer ; ] i. e. countenance. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer." See notes of this passage. STEEVENS.

*very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live all debts are cleared between you and I, ' if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[ EXEUNT.

### SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him:—Tell not me of mercy.—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—

Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.*

Hear me yet good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my  
bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangt:

The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

---

<sup>7</sup>—and I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and me. MALONE.



Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond<sup>a</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee  
speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,<sup>a</sup>

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK*]

*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.*

Let him alone,

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ?

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me ;

Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.*

I am sure the duke.

Will never grant<sup>a</sup> this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup>—so fond—] i. e. so foolish. So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly : “—that the youth feeling her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* speech.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup>—dull-ey'd fool,] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is bestowed on *melancholy* in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The duke cannot deny &c.*] As the reason here given seems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the duke stop the course of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever. WARBURTON.

For the commodity that strangers have  
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,<sup>2</sup>  
 Will much impeach the justice of the state ;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :  
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —  
 Well, gaoler, on :—Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
 BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
 You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,

---

<sup>2</sup> *For the commodity that strangers have*

*With us in Venice, if it be denied,* ] i. e. for the denial of those rights to strangers, which render their abode at Venice so commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the justice of the state. The consequence would be, that strangers would not reside or carry on traffick here ; and the wealth and strength of the state would be diminished. In *The Historye of Italye*, by W. Thomas quarto 1567, there is a section *On the libertie of strangers* at Venice.

MALONE.

I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
Than coustomary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now : for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,<sup>3</sup>  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners,<sup>4</sup> and of spirit ;

<sup>3</sup> *Whose souls do bear an equal yoke &c.* ] The folio, 1623, reads—*equal*, Which I believe, in Shakspeare's time was commonly used for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's :

" I will presume hym so to dignifie

Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to *The Remedy of love*, Again, in

*Gorboduc* :

" Sith all as one do bear you *eyall* faith"

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.* ] The wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. So, in *King Henry IV. P. II.*

" *Dol.* Why doth the prince love him so then ?

*Fal.* Because *their legs are both of a bigness*," &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In the learned and true Assertion of *original, Life &c. of King Arthour*, translate from the latin of John Leland, 1582, it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones.—he calls them *Arthour's lineaments three times translated* ; and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen &c.*

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617 : "Nature hath so curiously performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c,

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth *Iliad* :

Which makes me think, that this 'Antonio,  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,<sup>5</sup>  
 Must needs be like my lord : If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty ?  
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;  
 Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.<sup>6</sup>—  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house,  
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,

"——took the weariness of fight  
 From all his nerves and *lineaments*,—"

Again, in the thirteenth *Iliad* :

"——the course  
 Of his illustrious *lineaments* so out of nature bound,  
 That back nor forward he could stir,—"

Again, in the twenty-third *Iliad* :

"——so overlabour'd were  
 His goodly *lineaments* with chase of Hector," &c.

Again, in the twenty-fourth *Iliad* :

"——Those thro's that my deliverers were  
 Of his unhappy *lineaments* ;"—STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup>—*the bosom lover of my lord*,] In our author's time this term was applied to those of the same sex who had an esteem for each other. Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him : "he is his true *lover*." So, in *Coriolanus* : "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*." Many more instances might be added. See our author's *Sonnets*, *Passion*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup>—*hear other things*.] In former editions :  
*This comes too near the praising of myself ;*  
*Therefore no more of it : here other things,*  
*Lorenzo, I commit &c.* \*

Portia finding the reflections she had made came too near self-praise, begins to chide herself for it ; She'll say no more of that fort ; but call a new subject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewise prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return :  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
 Not to deny this imposition ;  
 The which my love, and some necessity,  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart ;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on  
 you !

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well  
 pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar,  
 As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
 So let me find thee still : Take this same letter,  
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
 In speed to Padua ;<sup>7</sup> see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;

---

<sup>7</sup> *In speed to Padua ;* ] The old copies read—*Mantua* ; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we must restore, as I have done,—*In speed to Padua* : for it was there, and not at Mantua, Bellario liv'd. So, after words :—*A messenger, with letters from the Doctor, now came from Padua*—And again : *Came you from Padua, from Ballario ?*—And again, *It, comes from Padua, from Bellario*.—Besides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy.

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>a</sup>  
Unto the traject,<sup>9</sup> to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice :—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone ; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of : we'll see our husbands,  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us ?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutered<sup>1</sup> like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And were my dagger with the braver grace ;

<sup>a</sup>—with imagin'd speed—] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceeding the third Act of *King Henry V* :

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies."

Again, in *Hamlet* : "—swift as meditation—" STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Unto the traject.*] The old copies concur in the reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the subsequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or sluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marches of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakspear's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup>—*accoutered*,—So, the earliest quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*appareld*. MALONE.

And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;  
I could not do with all ; <sup>2</sup>—then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school  
Above a twelve month :—I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why shall we turn to men ?

*Por.* Fye ! what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter ?  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>2</sup>—do with all ; } For the sense of the word *do*, in this place, see  
a note on *Measure, for Measure*. Vol. IX. p. 203. COLLINS

The old copy reads—*withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

## SCENE V.

*The same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.,*

*Laun.* Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you.<sup>3</sup> I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me;

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

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<sup>3</sup>—therefore, I promise you, I fear you.] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we should read—I fear *for* you.

MALONE.

There is not the slightest need of emendation. The disputed phrase is authorized by a passage in *King Richard III*:

“The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.”

STREVENSON.

<sup>4</sup>—thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:] Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier; but



Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

several translations of this adage were obvious to Shakespeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem entitled *A Dialogue between Custom and Virtue*, concerning the use and Dauncing and Minstrelsie, bl. I. no date :

"While *Silla* they do seem to shun,  
In *Charib* they do fall," &c.

Philip Gaultier de Chatillon (afterwards Bishop of Megala,) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth Book of his heroic Poem, *Darius* (who escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus,) is thus alostrophized :

Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde fuorum  
Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem  
Rex periture fugam ? necis, hæc ! perditæ, necis  
Quem fugias, hostes incurris, qui sugis hostem :  
*Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.*  
Bessus, Narsabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,  
Quos inter procères humili de plebe locasti,  
Næc veriti temerare fidem, capitique vœvendi  
Perdere caniciem, spreto moderamine jaris,  
Proh dolor ! in domini conjurant fata clientæ."

The author of the line in question (who was unknown to Erasmus) was first ascertained by Galottus Martinus, who died in 1476; (See *Meningiana*, Vol. I. p. 178, edit. 1729,) and we learn from *Henricus Gandavensis de Scriptaribus Ecclesiasticis*, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the *Alexandreis* had been a common school-book. "In scholis Grammaticorum tantæ fuisse dignitatis, utipræ ipso veterum Poetarum fectio negligenter." Barthius also, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the same effect. "Et mediis barbarie non plane ineptus versificator Galterius ab Inabla (qui tempore Joannis Saresberiensis, ut ex hujus ad eum epistolis discimus, vixit)—Tam antem postea olarus suit, ut expulsi quatuordecim totis auctoribus, scholas tenuerit." Freinsheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confesses that he had never seen the work of Gaultier.

The corrupt state in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earliest edition,) still appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent transcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whose hands the MS. passed, seems to have made some ignorant and capricious changes in its text; so that in many places it is an apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakespeare. Galtierus (says Hermann in his *Compendium Republicæ Strabonis*, p. 102,) secutus est

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say ; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launcelot and I are out : he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the common-

Curtium, & sæpe ad verbum expressit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli possunt ; id quod experiendo didici. See also, I. G. Vossius *de Poet. Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Sçavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had translated a long passage of *The Alexandreis* into blank verse before the year 1557, (See Surrey's *Poems*, and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 63,) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Phillips's *Theatrum*, &c. a work understood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extensive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. STEVENS.

Nothing is more frequent than this Proverb in our old writers. Thus Ascham, in his *Schole-master* :—" If *Scylla* drown him not, *Charybdis* may fortune to swallow him." Again, *Nobis* in his *England's Elixia* :

" To shun *Charybdis* jaws, they helpless fell  
In *Scylla's* gulf," &c

wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly : the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more<sup>6</sup> than reason : but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word ! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord,<sup>7</sup> what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

I remember it is likewise met with in Lyly's *Euphues*, Harrington's *Ariosto*, &c. and Surrey's contemporary in one of his *Poems* :

"From *Scylla* to *Charybdis* clives,—from danger unto death." FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> *I shall be saved by my husband,*] From *St. Paul* :

"The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband."

HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *It is much, that the Moor should be more &c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the same kind of humour to boast of :

"*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,  
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget ?*"

So, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1681 :

"And for you *Moore* thus much I mean to say,  
I'll see if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STREVEN.

Shakspeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More :

"When *More* some years had chancellor been,  
No *more* suits did remain ;  
The like shall never *more* be seen,  
Till *More* be there again." BIRCH.

<sup>7</sup> *Goodly lord,*] Surely this should be corrected *Good lord* as is in Theobald's edition. TYEWHITT.

It should be—*Good ye Lord!* FARMER.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir ?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit LAUNCELOT.]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited !<sup>s</sup>

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words ; And I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?

<sup>s</sup> — *how his words are suited* !] I believe the meaning is—What a *series* or *suite* of words he has independent of meaning ; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter.

JOHNSON.

I cannot think either that the word *suit*ed is derived from the word *suite*, as Johnson supposes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long since the time of Shakspeare ; or that Launcelet's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expresses his surprize that a fool should apply them so properly. So Jaques says to the Duke in *As you like it* :

"I met a fool  
That laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd at lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good *set* terms."

That is, in words well suited. M. MASON.

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife ?

*Jes.* Past all expressing : It is very meet,  
The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;  
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it

Is reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes ;* ANTONIO BAS-SANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here ?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.*

I have heard,

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, <sup>o</sup> I do oppose  
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door : he comes my  
lord.

<sup>o</sup>—his envy's reach,] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, 1621 : "—he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy*." p. 109, edit. 1679. So also, (as Mr. Malone observes,) in Lazarus Pyot's *Orator*, &c. [ See the notes at the end of this play, ] "—they had slain him for verie *envie*" STEEVENS.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'lt show thy merey, and remorse, <sup>1</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent <sup>2</sup> cruelty :  
And where <sup>3</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty,  
( Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, )  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back ;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup>—*remorse*, ] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello* :

“ And to obey shall be in me remorse. ” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup>—*apparent*—] That is, *seeming* ; not real. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup>—*where*—] For *whereas*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty, ” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enough to press a royal merchant down*,] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a flattering sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shows the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma* ; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subjects of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places ; and to enjoy their conquest in sovereignty : only doing homage to the republic for their several

And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :  
But, say, it is my humour ;<sup>o</sup> Is it answer'd ?

principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Sumnaripo's and others, all Venetian merchants, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our *own* merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction,) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchants*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not disdain the use of this phrase. I have now before me "*The Merchant Royal*, a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majestie, at the nuptials of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfth day last, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> — I'll not answer that :

But, say, it is my humour ;] The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses ; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you ? JOHNSON.



What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;<sup>6</sup>  
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine; For affection,  
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths:<sup>7</sup> Now, for your answer:

—say, it is my humour;] Suppose it is my particular fancy.

HEATH.

<sup>6</sup> — a gaping pig ;] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping;  
 I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in *The Mative*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas canhot endure to see a cat,  
 A breast of mutton, or a pig's head gaping ;

See *King Henry VIII.* Act V. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

By a gaping pig, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"And they stand gaping like a roasted pig."

A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which perhaps furnished our author with his instance,) may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like madman, if they see a pig come to the table. Sotericus the surgeon was choleric at the sight of sturgeon," &c. *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Cannot contain their urine; &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Masterless passion sways it to the mood

Of what it likes, or loaths.

*Masterless passion.* Mr. Pope has since corrected. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjust the passage.

Cannot contain their urine; for affection,

Master of passion, sways it, &c.

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

---

And then *it* is govern'd of *passion*. The two old quartos and folios read—Masters of *passion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *passion* mean the same thing. But I observe, the writers of our author's age made a distinction ; as Jonson in *Sejanus* :

“ — He hath studied  
*Affection's passions*, knows their springs and ends.”

And then, in this place, *affection* will stand for that *sympathy* or *antipathy* of soul, by which we are provok'd to show a *liking* or *disgust* in the working of our *passions*. THEOBALD.

Masters of *passion*, is certainly right. He is speaking of the power of sound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *masters of passion* ( for so he finely calls the musicians, ) sway the passions or affections as they please. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the seats that Timotheus and other musicians worked by the power of music. Can any thing be more natural ?

WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *sway*, which governs the two nominative cases *affection* and *masters*, require that both should be plural, and consequently direct us to read thus ?

For *affection*, masters of *passion sway it*, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *passions* anciently had different significations, may be known from the following instance in Groene's *Never too Late*, 1616 :

“ His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections*.”

*Affections*, as used by Shylock, seem to signify *imaginations* or *prejudices*. In *Othello* Act I. is a passage somewhat similar : “ And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you.” STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive ; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays ; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. [See Vol. IV. p. 78, n. 9.] This is

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;

---

the only change that is now made in the present passage ; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line :

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bagpipe ; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I shall borrow Dr. Johnson's words, with a slight variation : "Those who know how to operate on the passion of men, rule it, (or rule the sympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it." *It*, ("sway it.") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the sympathetick feeling.

MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The masters of passion, that is such as are possessed of the art of engaging and managing the human passions, influence them by a skilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the person they are addressing ; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means strange or unnatural that I should be so too in the present instance.

HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is :

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,  
Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.  
Masters of passion *sways* it to the mood  
Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. *some men when they hear the sound of a bag-pipe, are so affected therewith that they cannot retain their urine. For those things which are masters over passion make it like or loath whatever they will.* RITSON.

After all that has been said about this contested passage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Johnson's *Sad, Shepherd*.

In this Appendix, p. 212, he observes that "*Mistress* was formerly spelt *Maistresse* or *Maistres*. In Upton's and Church's *Spenser*, we have :

"—young birds, which he had taught to sing  
His *maistresse* praises." B. III. c. vii. st. 17.

Why he, swollen bag-pipe ;<sup>a</sup> but of force

---

This, I presume, is the reading of the first edition of the three first Books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not ; in the second edition, 1596, and the folio's 1609 and 1611, it is spelt *maistresse*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have " my maister, and my *maistress*." See p. 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maistres* (easily corrupted, by the transposition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maistres*, which is the reading of the second folio of Shakspeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult passage, gives a quotation from *Othello*, which countenances this supposed difference of gender in the noun :—" And though we have here a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *sovereign mistress of effects*, throws a more safe voice on you."

Admitting *maistres* to have been Shakspeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the passage thus :

" — for affection

*Mistress* of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathis."

In the Latin, it is to be observed, *Affectio* and *Passio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, so well supported, and so modestly offered, I cannot refuse a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may also receive countenance from the following passage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* :—" She saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense ; she found *opinion mistresse* of the Lover's judgment."

So, likewise, in the Prologue to a MS. entitled, *The Booke of Huntynge that is cleped Mayster of Game* :—" ymaginacion *maistresse* of alle werkis," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Why he, a swollen bag-pipe ;*] This incident Shakspeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics : it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 *Exercit. Sect. vi.* he has these words : "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret, auditu phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogeatur.*"—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakspeare, I suppose, translated *phormine* by *bag-bipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam*, which

Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended ;

signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem affectionem duabus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by affection :

*Cannot contain their urine for affection.*

Which shows the truth of the preceeding emendation of the text according to the old copies ; which have a full stop at *affection*, and read *Masters of passion*. WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intituled *A Treatise of Spectres, or strange Sights, Visions, &c.* we have this identical story from Scaliger ; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the word of Shakspeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Excester, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may justly add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical* ; and so used by Lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen bag-pipe*, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they understood it. But I never saw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I suppose the authour wrote *wooden bag-pipe*, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of wood.

JOHNSON.

This passage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *swelling* or *swollen bag-pipe*, which, that we should, I have not the least doubt.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A passage in Turberville's *Epitaphes*, p. 13, supports the emendation proposed by Sir John Hawkins :

"First came the rustick forth  
With pipe and *pussed bag*."

This instance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare calls the bag-pipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have seen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with silver fringe.

R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in support of the old reading, observes, that the skin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading.

MALONE.

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate. and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

*Shy.* Hates any man the things he would not kill ?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

*Ant.* I prey you, think you question<sup>9</sup> with the Jew :

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;<sup>1</sup>

As the aversion was not caused by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the found arising from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading—*swollen*, in the text. STEEVENS.

\* — you question — ] To question is to converse. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ — in the loss of *questions* — ” i. e. conversation that leads to nothing. To *reason* had anciently the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ; ] This image seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid, 1587, Book XV. p. 196 :

You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart :— Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is fix.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring  
none ?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no  
wrong ?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,<sup>2</sup>  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?  
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you :  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, is mine,<sup>3</sup> and I will have it :

"Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the heady  
easterne wind

Doth whizz amongst them—." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *many a purchas'd slave,*] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practice the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *is mine,*] The first quarto reads—*as mine*, evidently a misprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis mine*.

MALONE.

If you deny me, fye upon your law !  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
 I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I háve it ?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
 Whom I have sent for<sup>4</sup> to determine this,  
 Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
 Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit  
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :  
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
 Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

<sup>4</sup> — *Bellario, a learned doctor,*

*Whom I have sent for.*] The doctor and the court are here somewhat unskilfully brought together. That the duke would, on such an occasion, consult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely ; but how should this be foreknown by Portia ?

JOHNSON.

I do not see any necessity for supposing that *this* was foreknown by Portia. She consults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not consulted him, the only difference would have been, that she would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, instead of a judge. TYRWHITT.



*Enter NERRISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua. from Bellario ?

*Ner.* From both my lord : Bellario greets your  
grace. [*Presents a letter.*

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture<sup>5</sup> from that bankrupt  
there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh  
Jew,<sup>6</sup>

Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy.<sup>7</sup> Can no prayers pierce thee ?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to  
make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — the forfeiture — ] Read—*forfeit*. It occurs repeatedly in the present scene for *forfeiture*. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,*] This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again ; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase : *Though thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the sole of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd, the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

WARBURTON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Of thy sharp envy.*] *Envy* again, in this place, signifies *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — inexorable dog.] All the old copies read—*inexorable*. —It was corrected in the third folio. STEEVENS.

Perhaps, however unnecessarily, *In* was sometimes used in our author's time, in composition, as an augmentative or intensive particle. MALONE.

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.  
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
 That souls of animals infuse themselves  
 Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit,  
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,\*  
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires  
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my  
 bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :  
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
 A young and learned doctor to our court :—  
 Where is he ?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart :—some three or four  
 of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
 Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[ *Clerk reads.* ] *Your grace shall understand, that,  
 at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick but in  
 the instant that your messenger came, in loving visi-*

\*—thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,] This allusion might have been caught from some old translation of Pliny, who mentions a Parrhasian turned into a wolf, because he had eaten part of a child that had been consecrated to Lycæan Jupiter. See Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, 4to. 1607, pp. 390, 361.

tation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar : I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which, better'd with his own learning, ( the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, ) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds his present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, <sup>1</sup> as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger, <sup>2</sup> do you not ?

[To ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond ?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ; <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Cannot impugn you,*] To *impugn*, is to oppose, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603 :

"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."

Again : If any press t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *You stand within his danger,*] i. e. within his reach or control. This phrase originates from another in the lowest Latin, that often occurs in monastic records. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed on a passage in Chaucer.) See *Hist. Abbat. Pipwell. ap. Monast. Angl. t. i. p. 815* : "Nec audebant Abbates eidem resistere, quia aut pro denariis aut pro bladis semper fuerunt Abbates *in dangerio* dicti Officialis." Thus, also, in the *Corvysor's Play*, among the collection of Whitsun Mysteries, represented at Chester. See MS. Harl. 1013. p. 106 :

"Two detters some tyme there were  
Oughten money to an usurer,  
The one was *in his daungere*  
Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent instances in *The Paston Letters* of the use of this phrase in the same sense ; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in DEBT* and *to be in DANGER*, were synonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in Powel's *History of Wales*, 1587 : "—laying for his excuse that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The quality of mercy is not strain'd ; &c.*] In composing these beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakspeare recollected the following verse in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20 : "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought," DOUG.

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown :  
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.<sup>4</sup> Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation :<sup>5</sup> we do pray for mercy ;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head !<sup>6</sup> I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

<sup>4</sup> *And earthly power doth then show likest God's,*

*When mercy seasons justice.]* So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596 :

"And kings approach the nearest unto God,  
 By giving life and safety unto men." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *in the course of justice, none of us*

*Should see salvation :]* Portia referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>6</sup> *My deeds upon my head !]* An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate : "His blood be on us, and our children !"

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
 Yea, twice the sum :<sup>7</sup> if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart ;  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth.<sup>8</sup> And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority :  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established :  
 'T will be recorded for a precedent ;  
 And many an error, by the same example,  
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—

O wife young judge, how do I honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock' there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
 No, not for Venice.

<sup>7</sup> *Yea, twice the sum :*] We should read—*thrice* the sum—Portia, a few lines below, says—

“Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee.” And Shylock himself supports the emendation :

“ I take his offer then ;—pay the bond *thrice*.”

The editions, indeed, read—*this* offer ; but Mr. Steevens has already proposed the alteration we ought to adopt. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup>—*malice bears down truth*.] Malice oppresses honestly ; a *true* man in old language is an *honest* man. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Near<sup>at</sup> the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond :

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is,  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife :

*Shy.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appear<sup>eth</sup> due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true : O wife and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast :

So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Por.* It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

*Ant.* But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom : it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery<sup>a</sup> doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife :  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for  
that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;

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<sup>a</sup> *Of such a misery—*] The first folio destroys the measure by omitting the particle—*a* ; which, nevertheless, is found in the corrected second folio, 1632 STEEVENS



I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the christian husbands : I have a  
daughter ;

Would, any of the stock of Barrabas,<sup>1</sup>  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !  
[ *Aside.*

We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
thine ;

The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge !

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his  
breast ;

The law allows it, and court awards it.

*Shy.* Most leared judge !—A sentence ; come,  
prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a litte ;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

<sup>1</sup>———*the stock of Barrabas*——] The name of this robber is differently spelt as well as accented in *The New Testament* ; [ *Μή τὸν ἀγρὰ τοῦ Βαραβδδάν. ἢ ν δὲ ὁ Βαραβδδδς ἡγορεῖ* ; ] but Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwise have written :

“ Would any of Barrabbas stock had been  
Her husband, rather than a Christian ! ” STEEVENS.

*Gra.* O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O learned judge !

*Shy.* Is that the law ?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act :  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge !—Mark, Jew ;—a learned judge !

*Shy.* I take this offer then ;<sup>2</sup>—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft ;  
The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste ;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *I take this offer then ;* ] Perhaps we should read—*his* ; i. e. Bassanio's, who offers *twice* the sum, &c. STEEVENS.

*This offer is right.* Shylock specifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid thrice." M. MASON.

He means, I think, to say, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally insists on the larger sum. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spanish jesuit, in his *Hero* ; with a reflection at the conclusion of it : "—*Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de crane a un Christiano, pena sobre usura. Insistia en ello con igual terquencia a su Principe, que perfidia a su Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peso, y cuchillo ; conminole el deguello si cortava mas ni menos. Y sue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3. Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652 :

"The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it !  
I'll stay no longer question.

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that of Solomon : a *Jew* pretended to cut an ounce of the flesh of a Christian upon a penalty of usury ; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obstinacy, as perfidiousness towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of scales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or less : And this was to give a sharp decision to a malicious process, and to the world a miracle of subtilty." *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a similar story. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from Farnsworth's translation, at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew ;  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang  
thyself :  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our  
spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state ;<sup>4</sup> not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that ;  
You take my house, when you do take the prop

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<sup>4</sup> *Ay, for the state ; &c.*] That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE.

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else ; for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the  
court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;  
I am content,<sup>5</sup> so he will let me have  
The other half in use,—to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter :  
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian ;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this ; or else I do recant  
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew, what dost thou  
say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

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<sup>5</sup> *I am content,*] The terms proposed have been misunderstood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewise content to abate his claim, and desires not the property but the *use* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unless we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death*. JOHNSON.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the state's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in trust*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's husband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at interest* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. RITSON.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at interest during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in use*. M. MASON.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;  
I am not well ; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,<sup>6</sup>  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;<sup>7</sup>  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.

<sup>6</sup>———*thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben JONSON :

"———I will leave you  
To your godfathers in law. Let twelve men work."

STEEVENS.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the speakers, to show his mean opinion of an ostler at an inn, says, : "I did see him aske blessinge to xii godfathers at ones.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup>———*grace of pardon* ;] Thus the old copies ; the modern editors read, less harshly, but without authority,—*your grace's pardon*. The same kind of expression occurs in *Othello* :—"I humbly do beseech you of your pardon."

In the notes to *As you like it* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I have given repeated instances of this phraseology.

STEEVENS.

Your *grace's pardon*, was found in a copy of no authority, the 4 to. Of 1637. MALONE.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well satisfied ;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid ;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will  
yied. ●

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—  
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this ;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the  
value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation ;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my  
wife ;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither fell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their  
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,<sup>8</sup>  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
Give him the ring ; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
Unto Antonio's house :—away, make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently ;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont ! Come, Antonio [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *She would not hold out enemy for ever,*] An error of the press.—  
Read "hold out *enmity*." M. MASON.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. i. the Messenger says to Beatrice :  
—" I will hold friends with you, lady." STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it ; we'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home :  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well overtaken :  
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>9</sup>  
Hath sent you here this ring ; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be :  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him : Furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you :—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To PORTIA.*  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant ; We shall have  
old swearing,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup>—upon more advice,] i. e. more reflection. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack advice so much," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup>—old swearing,] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various instances in our author. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—here will be old utis." The same phrase also occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

That they did give the rings away to men ;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away, make haste ; thou know'st where I will  
tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this  
house? [ *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

**Belmont.** *Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright :—In such a night  
as this.<sup>2</sup>

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls, <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup>—*In such a night as this.*] The several speeches beginning with these words, &c. are imitated in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*; which though not ascertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakspeare's:

"In such a night did paris win his love.

*Lelia.* In such a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.

*Sophos.* In such a night did Troilus court his dear.

*Lelia.* In such a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."

*Orig. of the Drama*, Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

*Wily Beguiled* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in one of his pamphlets published in that year.

**MALONE.**

<sup>3</sup> *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,]* This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresside*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

“ Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,  
And on the Grekis host he would yse, &c.

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand <sup>4</sup>  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night, <sup>5</sup>  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew :

"The daie goth fast, and after that came eve  
And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide,  
He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,  
And ferre his made *ovir the walle* he leide," &c.

Again *ibid* :

"And up and doune by west and eke by est,  
*Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *In such a night*

*Stood Dido with a willow in her hand*—] This passage contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classicks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton suggests in his *History of English Poetry*, that Shakspeare might have taken this image from some ballad on the subject. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *In such a night, &c.*] So, Gower, speaking of Medea :

"Thus it befell upon a night  
Whann there was nought but sterre light,  
She was vanished right as ~~the~~ list,  
That no wight but herself wist :  
And that was at midnight tide,  
The world was still on every side," &c.

*Confessio Amantis*, 1554. STEEVENS.

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* And in such a night,<sup>6</sup>  
Did youg Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come :  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend ? what friend ? your name, I pray  
you, friend ?

*Steph.* Stepháno is my name ; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about  
By holy crosses,<sup>7</sup> where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

<sup>6</sup> and in such a night, ] The word—*and* was necessarily added by Mr. Pope, for the sake of metre, both in this and the following speech of Lorenzo.

Mr. Malone, however, assures us that *swear* is to be read as a dissyllable, and divides the passage, as follows :

" In such a night did  
Young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well."

And afterwards :

" In such a night did  
Pretty Jessica, like a little shrew." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup>—*she doth stray about*

*By holy crosses,* ] So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* :

*Lor.* Who comes with her ?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola !

*Lor.* Who calls ?

*Laun.* Sola ! did you see master Lorenzo, and  
mistress Lorenzo ! sola, sola !

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man ; here.

*Laun.* Sola ! where ? where ?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my  
master, with his horn full of good news ; master  
will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

*Lor.* Sweet soul,<sup>s</sup> let's in, and there expect their  
coming.

" But there are *Crosses*, wife ; here's one in Waltham,  
Another at the Abbey, and the third  
At Ceston ; and 'tis ominous to pass  
Any of these without a Pater-noster."

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wedding.

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> *Sweet soul,* ] These words in the old copies are placed at the  
end of Launcelot's speech. MALONE.

These two words should certainly be placed at the beginning of  
the following speech of *Lorenzo* :

" *Sweet soul,* let's in," &c.

And yet no matter ;—Why should we go in ?  
My friend Stepháno, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit* STEPHANO.]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick  
Creep in our ears ;<sup>9</sup> soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Pope, I see, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *soule* into *love*, without any necessity.

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe first made the present regulation, which appears to me to be right. Instead of *soul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciously substituted in the place of the former by the editor of the second folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions, which for a long time disfigured the modern editions.

MALONE.

I rather suppose, that the printer of the second folio, judiciously correcting some mistakes, through inattention committed others.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — and let the sounds of musick

Creep in our ears ;] So, in Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, 1587 :

"A musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,  
By secret arte, and lull a man asleepe."

Again, in *The Tempest* :

"This musick *crept* by me upon the waters." REED.

<sup>1</sup> — with patines of bright gold ;] Dr. Warburton says we should read—*patens* ; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry.

STEEVENS.

*Pattens* is the reading of the first folio, and *patents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed first in the folio, 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*pattens*, the other *patents*.

STEEVENS.

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the eucharist.

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.<sup>2</sup>—

In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Such harmony is in immortal souls ; &c.]* It is proper to exhibit the lines as they stand in the copies of the first, second, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been silently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the succeeding editors :

*Such harmony is in immortal souls ;*

*But while this muddy vesture of decay*

*Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it.*

That the third line is corrupt must be allowed, but it gives reason to suspect that the original was :

*Doth grossly close it in.*

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is the power of perceiving harmony, as afterwards : *Musick in the soul* is the quality of being moved with concord of sweet sounds. This will somewhat explain the old copies, but the sentence is still imperfect ; which might be completed by reading :

*Such harmony is in th' immortal soul,*

*But while this muddy vesture of decay*

*Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

— *close it in*—] This idea might have been adopted from a passage in Phaer's translation of *Virgil*, B. VI :

"Nor closed so in darke can they regard their heavenly kinde,  
 For carkasse soul of flesh, and dungeon vile of prison  
 blinde." STEEVENS.

*Such harmony is in immortal souls ; &c.]* This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it.

*Such harmony, &c.* is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line - "So great is the harmony !" but an illustration : — "Of the same kind is the harmony."—The whole runs thus :

*There is one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of*

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;<sup>3</sup>  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

---

*immortal souls ; or, (in other words,) each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards ;) but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing.—It, [Doth grossly close it in, ] I apprehend, refers to harmony. This is the reading of the first quarto printed by Heyes ; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—close in it.*

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of sense, cannot be heard ;—but Shakspeare is not always exact in his language : he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which is capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely misunderstood this passage,) for *souls* reads *sounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades* :

“ Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,  
 To lull the daughters of necessity,  
 And keep unsteady nature in her law,  
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.”

MALONE.

Thus, in *Comus* :

“ Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?  
 Sure *something holy lodges in that breast,*  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify HIS *hidden residence.*” HENLY.

The old reading *in immortal* souls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. V : “ Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine that some have been thereby induced to think, that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.



And draw her home with musick<sup>4</sup>

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.<sup>5</sup>

[*Musick.*

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,<sup>6</sup>

Mr. Malone observes that " the fifth Book of the E. P. was published singly, in 1597." STERVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *wake Diana with a hymn ;*] Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. JONHSON.

<sup>4</sup> *And draw her home with musick.*] Shakspeare was, I believe, here thinking of the custom of accompanying the last waggon-load, at the end of harvest, with rustick musick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I am never merry when I hear sweat musick.*] In the age of Shakspeare it is probable that some shade of meaning (at present undeterminable,) was occasionally affixed to the words *sweet* and *sweetness*. Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, [See Vol. IV. p. 254.] we have " a *sweet* mouth ;" and in *Measure for Measure*, [Vol. VI. p. 274.] we are told of—

" Their saucy *sweetness* that do coin heaven's image,  
In stamps that are forbid."

If in the speech under consideration, Jessica only employs the term *sweet* in one of its common senses, it seems inadequate to the effects assigned to it ; and the following passage in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, is as liable to the same objection unless *dulcia* be supposed to mean *interesting*, or having such command over our passions as musick *merely sweet* can never obtain :

" Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, *dulcia* sunt,  
Et, quocunque volunt, animum auditoris agunto."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,*

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music : Therefore, the  
poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature :  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, 7

*Fetching mad bounds, belowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears.*

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, &c.] We find the same thought in *The Tempest*:

“——Then I beat my tabor,  
At which like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
*As they smelt musick.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The man that hath no music in himself,*

*Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,]* The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with music was only the harmony between the *internal* [*music in himself*] and the *external music* [*concord of sweet sounds*]; which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not choose but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of music*. "Jam verò video naturam (says Erasmus in praise of Folly,) ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inesse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut *Britanni*, præter alia, *Foram, musicam, & lautas Mensas* propriè sibi vindicent." WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical and moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in music with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in inarticulate sounds.

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see, is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the  
candle.

---

Our ancient statutes have often received the best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated music among the *illiberal* pleasures, adds—"if you love music, hear it ; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you ; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light ; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153 : "A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing but *bad company*." Again :—"Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts ; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either ; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of music, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two ; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.*

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less :  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by ; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;<sup>8</sup>  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended ; and, I think,  
The nightingale,<sup>9</sup> if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection !—  
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd !<sup>1</sup> [*Music ceases.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *without respect* ;] Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The nightingale, &c.*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet :

“ Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;  
As *Philomel* in summer's front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days ;  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night ;  
But that ~~wild~~ *music* burdens every bough,  
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,*

*And would not be awak'd !]* The old copies read—Peace ! *how*, &c. For the emendation now made I am answerable. The oddness of the phrase, “ *How* the moon would not be awak'd !” first made me suspect the passage to be corrupt ; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* suggested the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt :

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd,\* of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands'  
welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd ?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their comming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence ;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo ;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket*<sup>2</sup> sounds.]

"*Peace, ho*, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not  
In these confusions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act. I :

"*Peace, ho* ! I bar confusion."

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

"*Ho* ! *peace* be in this place ! "

Again, *ibid* :

"*Peace, ho*, be here ! "

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the same mistake, I think, has happened. In the passage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia first enjoins the music to cease, "*Peace, ho* !" and then subjoins the reason for her injunction : "*The moon*," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly used to command a cessation of noise, as well as of fighting. See *Cant, Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 230.

MALONE.

\* *A tucket*—] *Toccata*, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet.

STEVENS.

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet :  
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight  
sick,  
It looks a little paler ;<sup>3</sup> 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter.* BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and  
*their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day<sup>4</sup> with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.<sup>5</sup>

*Por.* Let me give light,<sup>6</sup> but let me not be light ;

<sup>3</sup>——daylight sick,

*It looks a little paler ;—*] Hence, perhaps, the following  
verse in Dryden's *Indian Emperor* :

"The moon shines clear, and makes a paler day."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *We should hold day &c.*] If you would always walk in the  
night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other side of  
the globe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *We should hold day with the Antipodes*

*If you would walk in absence of the sun.*] Thus, Rowe, in  
his *Ambitious Stepmother* :

"Your eyes, which, could the sun's fair beams decay,  
Might shine for him, and bless the world with day."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Let me give light, &c.*] There is scarcely any word with  
which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its  
various significations. JOHNSON.

Most of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the same quibble.  
So, Marston, in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—  
So, sir, you make me a very *light* creature."

Again, Middleton, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608 :

"—*more lights*—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are  
*light* enough for a whole house."

Again, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams,  
1606 :

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me ;  
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam : give welcome to  
my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to  
him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.<sup>7</sup>

GRATIANO and NERISSA seem to talk apart.

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong ;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already ? what's the matter ?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me ; whose posy was <sup>8</sup>

" Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd  
Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos'd ;  
For *lighting* were she *light* acceptance feels,  
Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ————*this breathing courtesy.*] This verbal complementary form made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech :—" You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ————mouth-honour, *breath*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That she did give me ; whose posy was—*] For the sake of measure, I suppose we should read :

" That she did give to me ; &c.

For all the world; like cutler's poetry<sup>9</sup>  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective,<sup>1</sup> and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy,<sup>2</sup> that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

So, afterwards:

"Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *like culter's poetry*—] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, Sir Edward Vaughan, says: "You shall swear by Phoebus, who is your poet's good lord and master, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poesies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you understand not." REED.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *have been respective*,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. Mr. M. Mason thinks it rather means *regardful*. See *King John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marston, and other poets of that time, use this word in the same sense. [i. e. for *respectful*.] MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *a youth*,—

*A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,*

*No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;*

*A prating boy, &c.*] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenour of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's clothes. He only means to describe the person and



*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with  
 you,  
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;  
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
 And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.  
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
 Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;  
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

---

appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age : he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote :

" — a little *stubbed* boy."

In many counties it is a common provincialism to call young birds not yet fledged *stubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpose, the author of *The History and Antiquities of Gloucestershire*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, says, that "Saunders must be a *stubbed boy*, if not a man, at the dissolution of Abbeyes," &c. edit. 1722, Pres. Signat. n. 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows :

" For that same *stubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,  
 In lieu of this, did lie with me last night.

T. WARTON.

I believe *scrubbed* and *stubbed* have a like meaning, and signify *stunted*, or *shrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* : "—but such will never prove fair trees, but *skrubs* only." STEEVENS.

*Stubbed* in the sense contended for by Mr. Warton was in use so late as the Restoration. In *The Parliamentary Register*, July 30, 1660, is an advertisement enquiring after a person described as "a thick short *stubbed fellow*, round faced, fuddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a sad gray suit." REED.

*Scrubbed* perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *short*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *squalidus*.

MALONE.

That the world masters. - Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad<sup>d</sup> at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When naught would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,<sup>a</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> —contain the ring, ] The old copies concur in this reading.

You would not then have parted with the ring.  
 What man is there so much unreasonable,  
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony<sup>4</sup> ?  
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe ;  
 I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
 And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,  
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away ;  
 Even he that had held up the very life  
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?  
 I was enforc'd to send it after him ;  
 I was beset with same and courtesy :  
 My honour would not let ingratitude  
 So much besmear it : Pardon me, good lady ;  
 For, by these blessed candles of the night,<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to retain, but *containe* might in our author's time have had nearly the same meaning. The word has been already employed in this sense :

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So also, in Montaigne's *Essaies*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. iii : " Why dost thou complaine against this world ? It doth not *containe* thee : if thou livest in paine and sorrow, thy base courage is the cause of it ; to die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's *Essaies*, 4to. 1625, p. 327 : " To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *What man——wanted the modesty*

*To urge thing held as a ceremony ?* ] This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty, or wanted modesty so much, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious.* JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia says to Julius Cæsar :

" Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —candles of the night, ] We have again the same ex-

Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you ;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed :  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it :  
Lie not a night from home ; watch me, like Argus :  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk ; therefore be well ad-  
vis'd,  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so : let not me take him  
then ;  
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you ; You are welcome not-  
withstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,

pression in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewise occurs in *Diella*, *Certaine Sonnets adjoynd to the amorous Poeme of Don Diego*, and *Gineura*, by R. L. 1596 :

"He who can count the *candles of the skie*,  
Reckon the sands whereon Pactolus flows," &c.

MALONE.

In some Saxon poetry preserved in *Hickes's Thesaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the sun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphrasis for the stars, such a favourite with our poet, might have been an expression not grown obsolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that !  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself :  
In each eye, one :—swear by your double self, <sup>6</sup>  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me :  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth ;<sup>7</sup>  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
[To PORTIA.  
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him  
this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this  
ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, 't is the same I gave the doc-  
tor !

*Por.* I had it of him : pardon me Bassanio ;  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano ;  
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

<sup>6</sup> — swear by your double self,] *Double* is here used in a bad sense for—full of duplicity. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —for his wealth ;] For his advantage ; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Litany* : " In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our wealth ;"—STEEVENS.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high-ways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough :  
What ! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it ?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—Yon are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor ;  
Nerissa there, her clerk : Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you  
not ?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me  
cuckold ?

*Ner.* Ay ; but the 'clerk that never means to  
do it,  
Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow ;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and  
living ;

For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo ?  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full : Let us go in ;  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so : The first intergatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay ;  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day :  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So fore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. [The first novel of the fourth day.] The story has been published in English, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is barrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view.<sup>a</sup> JOHNSON.

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<sup>a</sup> See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnson was right in his conjecture. MALONE.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs : to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done ? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo ; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians : if you behave well you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command : upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo ; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave order to his servants that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money : and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known : remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him ; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria ; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms ; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do everything that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called ? He replied, that place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner ? says Giannetto. He answered, this lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country ; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses everything he has brought with him. Giannetto after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed ; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was ? whence he came ? and if he knew the custom of the country ? He answered, that the knowledge of that custom was



his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours and sent for barons, counts, and knights, in great numbers, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have had him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service: and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats. The lady entreats him to taste the wine; he takes the sweet-meats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women servants go to the bed-side, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame; but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return: He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwrecked, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear son, said he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, all his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid if she knew the steamer; the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time; the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady, who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the

morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took the resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Ansaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young

man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in his happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of his palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness; that Ansaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit with two servants attending her. Giannetto when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on public and received forms their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it;

and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress ; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was : the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility : and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him : so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew ; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him : for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge ; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgements : and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked ; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off : and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood ; but says expressly, that may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax ; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond : why did not you take the money when it was offered ? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand : but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty : but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand : he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me, at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing : if you will have the pound of flesh, take it ; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted

home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will show you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto; and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before, and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto: and was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and

in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, and told him, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

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**R**UGGIERI do Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso King of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castle, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that

I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will show you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not, answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company, told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown sceptre, and all his jewels; and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. Yo have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that casket which fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, show it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations: some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our age.—Written in French by Alexander Silvestre, and Englished by L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus Pilot.\*] London Printed by Adam Islip, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401:

“DECLAMATION 95.

*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*

“A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteen daies, the Jew refused to take

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\* Lazarus pyot, (not Pilot.) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

his money, and demanded the pound of flesh : the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off : the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying :

"Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth : wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee can not or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne ; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money : surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable ; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all : as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intolerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also all the senses and spirits are tormented ; the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation ; yea amongst Christians it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawfull for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens : how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the painment of a pounde of their flesh ? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe ? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh : I might allenge many reasons ; for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit : for the miserie of those men which esteeme their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed : neverthesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked : I might also say, that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable ; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter : but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late ; and also to hang a theefe though he steal never so little : is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for grieve ? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, already bound by his faith ? Neither an I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me :



and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person ; for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life : Whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound ? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life ? I believe, I should not ; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound : or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered ? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just : seeing then that neither obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

*"The Christian's Answer.*

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust ; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable ; the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at least not altogether unreasonable : but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another ? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh ; whereby is manifestly scene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect ; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them : seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie. Trulie, I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe ; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof ? as for me, I think that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him ; otherwise, I would never have been of rash as to bind my selfe so strictly : but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paid with man's flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigers, than men, the which also was never heard of ? but this divell in shape of man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the common wealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt ? To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessity is somewhat excusable : as for me I have promised, and accomplished my

promise, yet not so soon as I would ; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfy the cruelty of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastliness. Wherein then have I falsified my promise ? is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge ? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himself, according to the contents of the judgement : where is then my promise broken ? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us ; for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified : and wherefore ? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation. But what shall I say ? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning ? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them ? How many murthers ? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murdered ? Did he not persecute his father ? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground ? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wondrous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries ? and that that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew ? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe upon your just clemencie : hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's cruelty." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* translated by Ellis Farneworth, 1754, has likewise this kind of story.

It was currently reported in Rome that drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty : this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts which he had insured. Upon the receiving this news he sent for the insurer Samson Cenedà, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true : and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, " I'll lay you a pound of my flesh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, " If you like it, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the substance of which was. " That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was soon after confirmed, by other advices from the West-Indies, which threw him almost into distraction ; especially when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of

his contract, and was determined to ~~cut~~ a pound of flesh from that part of his body which it is not necessary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpose in the affair, and use his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thousand pistoles as an equivalent for the pound of flesh : but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a case of so uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who sent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himself perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, said, "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this ~~shall~~. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We would advise you, however, to be very careful ; for if cut but a scruple or grain more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of scales, and let it be done in our presence."

The merchant at these words, began to tremble like an aspen-leaf, and throwing himself at his holiness's feet, with tears in his eyes, protested, "It was far from his thoughts to insist upon the performance of the contract." And being asked by the pope what he demanded ; answered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces."

Then turning to the Jew, he asked him, "What he had to say, and whether he was content." The Jew answered, "That he thought himself extremely happy to come off at so easy a rate, and that he was perfectly content."—"But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there sufficient satisfaction made to our laws. We desire to know what authority you have to lay such wagers ? The subjects of princes are the property of the state, and have no right to dispose of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the express consent of their sovereigns."

They were both immediately sent to prison, and the governor ordered to proceed against them with the utmost severity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more such wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and proposing a fine of a thousand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for selling his life, by consenting to have a pound of flesh cut from his body, which he said was direct suicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew must be the occasion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the most leading men in the synagogue, they both had recourse to petitions. Strong application was made to Cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holiness at least to spare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really design to put them to death, but to deter others from such practices, at last consented to change the sentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thousand crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital which he had lately founded, before they were released.

IN a Persian manuscript, in the possession of ensign Thomas Munro, of the first battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following story of a Jew and a Mussulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the MS. its age has not been ascertained. The translation, in which the idiom is Persian, though the words are English, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original,) by Daniel Braithwaite, Esq.

"It is related, that in the town of Syria a poor Mussulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and said, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ and I will give thee a share of the gain.—This Mussulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had seen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he said, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after six months thou shalt restore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement shall be exceeded one day, I shall cut a pound of flesh from thy body, from whatever part I choose. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Mussulman's wife. The Mussulman was dejected, and said, how can this be? But as his distress was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and set out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day saying to himself, God forbid that the term of the agreement should pass away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a trusty person, and sent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own house, being without money, spent it in maintaining themselves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of flesh. The Mussulman said, I sent thy money a long time ago. The Jew said, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Mussulman before the Cazi, and represented the affair. The Cazi said to the Mussulman, either satisfy the Jew, or give the pound of flesh. The Mussulman not agreeing to this, said, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he also spoke in the same manner. The Mussulman asked the advice of an ingenious friend. He said, "say to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.\* Go there, for thy business will be well." Then the Mussulman went to the Jew; and said, I shall be satisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew said, I also shall be satisfied. Then both departed for the city

\* Hems-Enessa, a city of Syria, long 70, lat 84.

The Orientals say that Hippocrates made his ordinary residence there; and the Christians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptist was found there, under the reign of Theodosius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganism for the Temple of the sun, under the name of Hellogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Mussulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Christ 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1268. Afterwards it passed into the hands of the Mamelukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in possession of it. This city suffered greatly by a most dreadful earthquake in 1167, when the Franks were in possession of Syria.

of Hems.\* When they presented themselves before the judgment-seat, the Jew said, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of flesh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the flesh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Mussulman, and for this respect, he said to the Jew, "Thou sayest true, it is the purport of the bond; and he desired, that they should bring a sharp knife." The Mussulman, on hearing this, became speechless. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and cut one pound of flesh from the body of him, in such a manner, that there may not be one grain more or less, thou shalt cut, I shall order thee to be killed. The Jew said, I cannot. I shall leave this business and depart. The Cazi said, thou mayest not leave it. He said, O Judge, I have released him. The Judge said, it can not be; either cut the flesh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was settled at two hundred dinars; the Jew paid another hundred, and departed."

MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "*Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur*." In the story here related of the Jew and the Christian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps this Tale (like that of Parnell's *Hermit*), may have found its way into every language.

STEEVENS.

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\* Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Mussulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to show the sagacity of the Cazi in extracting him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.











